The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite

THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF MARTHA HEPPLETHWAITE

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By

Frank Sullivan

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INTRODUCING MARTHA

At the outbreak of hostilities in the Spanish-American War, when the British had fired upon Fort Sumter, many of the aristocratic families of the South made haste to hide as much of their treasure as possible from the hungry eyes of Sherman's advancing hordes. Consequently, on a still, ominous night in April, 1898, Col. Mark Hepplethwaite, of Hepplethwaite, Ga., aided only by a trusty family retainer who had been retained by the Hepplethwaite family for two or three hundred years, could be seen digging busily in a copse a half mile south of the manse.

Two years passed. On November 11, 1918, came peace. Col. Hepplethwaite again made his way to the copse.

"My, how the old copse has changed!" was his first comment. Then he started digging.

He unearthed the buried family treasure, consisting of six silver knives marked, respectively, "Statler," "Waldorf," "Ritz," "Ambassador," "Biltmore" and "Commodore"; an old hunting case watch marked "G.H. to Nellie, 1827"; a pearl necklace the Colonel had picked up cheap in a taxicab and finally what Colonel and Mrs. Hepplethwaite al-

ways described as their two greatest jewels—their daughters, Martha and Maggie.

Unfortunately, Maggie had not been able to weather the two years underground and she was so tarnished that Colonel Hepplethwaite reluctantly threw her away. Martha, the younger daughter, fared better. She sprang merrily from the cedar chest, not only unharmed but actually refreshed by the long rest.

"I needed it," she told her father, "I think everybody ought to take a rest once in a while. Tell me, were there any atrocities during the war?"

Her parents raised their hands in horror.

"Oh, dear," pouted Martha, "I always miss the fun."

She was a bit mildewed, naturally, as a result of being in the ground for so long, and in one or two places she had begun to sprout, but a little soap and polish soon brought her around and her father told her the situation.

Lincoln had been shot. Peggy Joyce was married again. Gertrude Ederle had swum the channel. Short skirts were in style and the Hepplethwaites were impoverished.

The Colonel, in a trembling voice, gave Martha an old carpetbag and a dollar and a quarter and told her to go out and make her own living.

Four days later an ambitious young woman in a

Merry Widow hat got her first glimpse of the New York skyline from the deck of a Hoboken ferry.

I was at that time engaged with Jay Gould and James J. Hill in a titanic struggle for the possession of the Third Avenue Railroad. I realized that railway was the gateway from the East to the Great Northwest, with its vast resources in wheat, ales, wines and cigars.

All I needed to gain control and oust Hill and Gould was seventeen United Cigar coupons. All Hill and Gould needed were seventeen coupons. But the coupons had been lost. Hill and Gould insisted they had left them in the sugar bowl on the sideboard, where we usually hid them from the Gould children, who were inveterate coupon savers. I suspected dirty work but bided my time. When I think of those days and nights I spent, biding and biding and biding!

The day Wall Street heard of the loss of the coupons there was a panic on 'Change. Those were the days when they had real panics. I wouldn't go across the street to see the panics they have to-day. I sat in my office trying to figure a way of getting possession of those lost coupons. My secretary entered and said a young woman was outside.

"Tell her I'm out," I growled.

My secretary was hard of hearing and anyhow she was getting pretty sick of telling lies for me, so she

went out and told the young lady I was in and would love to see her.

A second later Martha Hepplethwaite entered my office and I had my first glimpse of the girl who was destined to play such a part in my career as Wizard of Wall Street.

I kissed her and asked for her folks. She told me she had come to New York to make her fortune and wanted to be my stenographer.

"Alas, child," I told her, "my fortunes are at the ebb. I am engaged in a titanic struggle with James J. Hill and Jay Gould for the possession of the Third Avenue Railroad, which is the gateway to the Great Northwest with its wonderful resources of wheat, ales, wines and cigars. All I need to secure control is seventeen United Cigar coupons. Those coupons have disappeared. Everything depended on them. I guess there is no other way out."

I seized a pistol.

"Stay!" cried Miss Hepplethwaite, and from her corsage she produced seventeen United Cigar coupons.

Seventeen of them! I fondled the precious bits of paper, letting them fall through my fingers. I toyed with them as a miser toys with his toys. Fortunate girl, to have seventeen coupons. I told her as much.

"They are yours," she said simply. "I was saving

up to get a casserole dish, but it takes 200 coupons, and I don't think I'd care for casseroling, anyhow. Your work is more important."

The rest is history.

Martha, of course, has been with me ever since. She has been a treasure. Not only is she my stenographer, but she is my guide, philosopher and friend. She does the housework. She shovels the snow, and if there is no snow, she goes out and finds snow. She winds the clock at night and does the washing and takes care of the furnace. She can turn her hand to anything. Bizarre almost to the point of being bizarre she is nevertheless conventional enough to still use paprika on her baked potatoes instead of opium. She is always good-natured and never minds when I indulge in a favorite joke of mine, namely to creep up on her from the rear and shout "Boo!"

We never get any letters written, but we have a lot of fun. I have kept records of some of her exploits and they appear in the pages that follow. I hope everybody likes her as well as I do, but not to the extent of trying to lure her from me by offering her better wages. Even so, I flatter myself that the old girl wouldn't desert the Little Master without thinking twice, and then twice times twice.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTHA HEPPLETHWAITE

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JUNE 15.

Miss Hepplethwaite! Miss Hepplethwaite! Drat the girl, she's never around when you want her. . . . MISS HEPPLETHWAITE! . . . Since she started learning to turn somersaults, and at her age too, I can't get a tap of work out of her. . . . Miss Hepplethwaite, do stop that shenanigan and come in here and take some dictation. . . . Look at that pile of mail. . . . Fully seven letters. . . . How many times have I told you not to turn somersaults during office hours?. . . Now see, you've gone and got yourself all heated up. . . . Where's your hanky? . . . Here, take Mr. Sullivan's. . . . Fix your hair. . . . I never saw such a girl. . . . All ready? . . . Here's a letter from Mr. Joseph J. Cloud. He says that two weeks ago a New York newspaper published a story headed Sandwich Bites Girl that was one of the biggest mystery stories that ever broke in this city, but he says he has been around lunch counters, soda fountains, cafeterias and restaurants at noontime for quite a while and he knows a bigger mystery, to wit, how did the girl get the sandwich? Answer Mr. Cloud, and ask him what price silver linings? . . . What's that bell

tinkling? . . . No, I'm not hearing things. . . . It's been tinkling around here all morning. . . . Here's a letter from Paula. . . . She says: "My mother always said that cleanliness is next to godliness, but up at the farm this week-end the well ran dry and I found that cleanliness was next to impossible. X marks my room." Drop her a line telling her we can come up for the week-end on the 24th, and ask her to send that recipe she promised. . . . What ARE those bells tinkling? . . . They sound a bit like sleighbells. . . . No, I haven't. . . . It's too warm for cocaine. . . . There they go again. . . . Why, they're on you! . . . Miss Hepplethwaite! . . . Are you wearing those newfangled garters with bells on? . . . Now, come, come, don't try to evade. . . . Mr. Sullivan asked you a question. . . . Are you wearing those bell garters? . . . I won't take No for an answer, now. . . . Let Mr. Sullivan see. . . . Come now, come. . . . Well, well, what WILL you girls be wearing next! . . . Can you play anything on them? . . . You do play, don't you? . . . Can you play that tune from "The Bohemian Girl"? It goes like this: "I dreh-hemt I dweh-helt in mah-har-bul halls." . . . Remember how that went? . . . Well, do you know any of the music from "The Red Mill"? . . . Can you play "Tea for Two"? . . . What, me play

on them? . . . Why, my dear child, I've forgotten the little music I ever knew. I haven't touched a piano for years, let alone a garter . . . I can play Chopsticks, but I have to have somebody to play the lower part. . . . Herman, do you know the lower part of Chopsticks? . . . Well, come here a minute. . . . Now you take Miss Hepplethwaite's right leg and I'll take the left. . . . Sound your A, Herman. . . . O-o-oh, you ought to have that garter tuned, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . I suppose they do get out of tune easily, yes. . . . All ready, Herman? . . . All right. . . . One, two, three, get set, GO! . . . O-o-o-h, HerMAN! . . . I said the lower part, you were to play the lower part. . . . Well, then change with me if you don't know it, why didn't you say so, fathead? . . . All right now, get ready, get set, on your mark. . . . GO! . . . That went better. . . . Herman, you're there. . . . So are you, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . Now you play something, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . Oh, I'm sure I'd love to, if you insist. . . . How about you, Herman? . . . All right, let's try the thirty-fourth Bach Fugue. . . . Don't you love that movement? . . . I think Bach was really at his supremest in the thirty-fourth Fugue. . . . O Heavens, I don't know, I guess he wrote thousands of them. . . . They had to poison him to get him to stop. . . . The whole place was cluttered up with Fugues. . . . Keep

quiet, please, Miss Hepplethwaithe, this is a particularly beautiful piece and every time you jiggle your feet it throws Herman and me off an octave. . . . This isn't so different from playing a piano at that, Miss Hepplethwaite, as I regard your legs. . . . Wait a minute. . . . I didn't mean anything. . . . There she goes. . . . Isn't that just like a woman, Herman? . . . Gets sore just because I said she had piano legs.

JUNE 20.

Ah, Miss Hepplethwaite! . . . You stole in on me. . . . Since you took the bells off, and since we bought this handsome $40,000 velvet carpet, ornamented with numberless Cupids and with a heroic portrait of the late Chester A. Arthur in the center, I never can hear anybody coming in. . . . Take off your furs, my dear, it's 90 in the shade, or at least I like to think it is. . . . Those are lovely ermines. . . . If I did not know that I had raised your pay recently from $15 a week to $17.50, I would be inclined to think that you must have come by those ermines in some manner not quite in the line of duty.

Now, Miss Hepplethwaite, let us have a good heart to heart talk and thrash this matter of the garters out. . . . I beg your pardon, I forgot. . . .

If it's your wish we certainly will call them circlets. . . . Now, you say that your mother, your grandmother Mehaffy, your grandmother Hepplethwaite, your aunts Meg and Cordelia and Mrs. Egbomp, who lives next door and is a great help in sickness, all think it was terrible for a nice, respectable girl like you to have such intimate revelations made about her gar— circlets, in the public prints.

Is that why you have reformed your dress, Miss Hepplethwaite? . . . Have those old-fashioned people induced you to wear that train? . . . And those leg-of-mutton sleeves? . . . And that choker that cuts off from view that alabaster pillar, vulgarly called your neck, which in my blue moments, when all the world seemed dark and drab, I was wont to gaze at, thereby making all the world seem bright once more? . . . Do I see that neck encased in a ruche that even Queen Elizabeth would have said was too much? . . . And why those high button shoes? . . . Where are the dainty sandals, half revealing, half concealing the lovely contour of your instep, that you were wont to trip about in?

My dear Miss Hepplethwaite, for shame upon these Puritan relatives of yours! . . . Do they not know that only women with bunions or fallen arches wear high shoes any more? . . . And you're wearing long sleeves. . . . All I can see now is your

face, and even that looks changed. . . . I always said you know how to put the make-up on with the skill of a Leonardo da Vinci. . . . Your face seems so lost, so blank, without it. . . . Go back to your lipstick, Miss Hepplethwaite, I prithee. . . . Without it you look like a car advertisement of the tired housewife before she got an electric washing machine.

It's good to have you back, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . The office was lost without you. . . . And fancy, I never for a moment dreamed that the reason you were staying away was because of that innocent little reference to your garters. . . . Yes, of course, I know you're broadminded, but we certainly shall have to educate your folks. . . . Don't any of them wear garters? . . . You know, without you here, something seemed lacking, Miss H. . . . Everything went more smoothly, and we all did a lot more work, but way down inside us there was an aching void. . . . Try a somersault just for old time's sake. . . . I used to love to see you do somersaults. . . . All that grumbling I did was just put on, of course, in case you asked for a raise. . . . Oh, you do? . . . Well, we'll see what can be done. . . . You're getting $17.50 now. . . . Well, orders are to cut down expenses, and we're getting rid of men instead of hiring them, but I think in your case I can see my way clear to getting you a pretty good

little jump of, let us say, 50 cents, but don't mention it to the other girls.

Now try the somersault, do, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . One, two, three, Go! . . . O-o-o-psiday! . . . Not so good, that long Florodora train is in the way. . . . Try a handspring, maybe that'll go better. . . . One, two, three, SHOOT! . . . Oh! . . . Hey! . . . Help! . . . Herman! . . . Quick! . . . Herman! . . . Come here! Miss Hepplethwaite is caught in the chandelier. . . . What was she doing up there? . . . Don't ask silly questions. . . . Hasn't she got a right to get caught in the chandelier? . . . Is this the age of woman's rights or have I got a half interest in the Astor estate? . . . She was turning a handspring. . . . Get the carpenter. . . . And the chandelier fixer, and the electrician, and the superintendent, and the night city editor, and United States Senator Royal S. Copeland. . . . And bring a parachute and a derrick. . . . All right, Miss Hepplethwaite, help is coming. . . . Herman is taking up subscriptions for a relief party. . . . I had a suspicion you'd get into difficulties with that train. . . . Here, Herman, hand me the parachute. . . . Here's the parachute, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . Now take it easy. . . . Here she comes! . . . There she goes. . . . Hurray. . . . Are you hurt, my dear? . . . Did you have a nice trip? . . . Have you anything to say to the newspaper men?

STATEMENT TO THE PRESS BY MARTHA HEPPLETHWAITE ON HER RETURN FROM HER TRIP TO THE CHANDELIER

"It was perfectly lovely up there, except that you had to hang by your feet. Otherwise I had a perfectly lovely time. But you may say that I am indeed glad to get back home. After all, there is no place like the old Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. It is when you go away that you realize what a great country America is. Then it is that your heart leaps and something not unlike a tear comes into your eye when you see Old Glory in strange parts. I think world conditions are looking up. Germany must pay, of course, but the question is, will she? Won't she be the fool if she does! Yes, it is a great season for tourists. Americans are everywhere. In France I found a delightful spirit of hospitality. The shopkeepers and innkeepers in Paris, appreciating the generous attitude of this country on the debt question, are refusing to accept any American money.

"I fairly had to battle with my hotel proprietor to get him to charge me for my room. Yes, I think your skyline is magnificent. It's so uneven. And your American woman, ah, fon du lac! mais elles sont beautiful."

JUNE 22.

READ to me, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . Spread the orange, green and purple satin covering on the soft divan and strew it with cushions of eiderdown. . . . It is a languorous day. . . . I would not work. . . . Even the clock in the City Hall has stopped. . . . Pull the curtains and ring for Herman. . . . Herman, have Bodkin mix me a mint julep, with plenty of mint and plenty of julep. . . . If there are no more mint juleps, bring me a frosted chocolate. . . . Tell Louis I wish to see him. . . . Louis, you and John take those ostrich plume fans and fan me constantly. . . . Do it quietly now. . . . I hate noisy ostrich plumes. . . . Herman, have the minstrels come in. . . . Minstrels, play something delicate and rare upon the lute, the viol and the tambour. . . . Play softly. . . . Play something soothing to nerves a bit jangled by the eternal roar and rustle of the mad metropolis. Miss Hepplethwaite, something must be done about these musicians. . . . They never get my mood. . . . I don't care whether they did play before Mayor Hylan . . . Now read to me, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . Read some of the nicer, quieter letters in the mail. . . . Dont read any of the knocks. . . . I couldn't stand a knock to-day, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . Exercise your own judgment on the poetry. . . . Don't read

me anything risque, and try to strike a rhyme once in a while, and if you get a poem that isn't about love, wake me up immediately and arrange for a special edition, and notify the Board of Trustees of the New York Zoological Park forthwith. . . . Be careful of the jokes, too, my dear. . . . Don't read me anything you wouldn't read your pastor. . . . All right now, Herman, fix that cushion behind my head, light me a cigarette and put that cat out. . . . I don't know why she keeps meowing at me in that melancholy way. . . . I don't owe her anything. . . . Proceed, Miss Hepplethwaite.

"Dear sir: Your indebtedness for house charges amounts to $3.10. Your attention is called to Club Rule 6, providing for suspension after the 20th of the month until such indebtedness is discharged. Checks should be drawn to the order of the. . . ."

Enough of that, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . There is no love interest to it. . . . Try the next one.

"We specialize in rebinding, repairing and refurbishing books for private libraries. We also make slip and solander cases for rare and first editions. Should any of your books need this attention our representative will gladly call."

What do you suppose a solander case is, Miss Hepplethwaite? It sounds—er—a bit—what would you say?—yes. Don't look it up; you might be sorry.

"Dear Frank: Won't you, like a good boy, try to get your stuff in the night before? It would help enormously in the composing room. Thanks."

Now there's a letter for you, Miss Hepplethwaite. Terse, succinct, subtle, not without its touch of humor, it has a proposition to state and it states it clearly and concisely. No beating around the bush. No if-ing and and-ing. No "beg to states," "favors at hand" or "contents noted." Just a good selling letter that one busy man would write to another busy man. Don't pay any attention to it, Miss Hepplethwaite.

Ho hum. . . . What are those musicians doing? . . . Shooting craps? . . . Good, anything to keep them from playing. . . . Quiet now, dear. . . . Papa wants to get a little sleep before the ordeal of dinner. . . . Run along and play and don't let papa hear you in the pantry.

JULY 3.

Looks like rain, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . See that little cloud over there? . . . Well, that's what is called an ominous little cloud. . . . All severe electric storms start with ominous little clouds. . . . It's getting bigger. . . . You are pale, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . Are you afraid of lightning? . . . You're not afraid of it but you are afraid of being

hit by it. . . . Well, I'd call that quibbling, and there's only one thing worse than quibbling, Miss Hepplethwaite, and that is quoits. . . . No, I like quilts. . . . Crazy or not, I like quilts. . . . You are afraid, my dear. . . . You can't conceal it, because your teeth just dropped out and they are still chattering down there behind the incoming letter basket, or, as you like to call it, the wastebasket. . . . Don't be afraid, my dear. . . . Ah, that was a crash. . . . It will be a magnificent storm. . . . I wish Ben Franklin were here. . . . Child, you're positively shimmying with fear. . . . Is it as bad as all that? . . . Put your typewriter down and come over here by Mr. Sullivan. . . . There, there, poor child. . . . Nothing can harm you while Mr. Sullivan has you in his keeping. . . . Nestle close. . . . Put your arms around Mr. Sullivan's neck. . . . Ah, ah, don't touch that watch and chain now. . . . Watches and chains are conductors of lightning. . . . You know you're quite an armful, Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . You ought to avoid butter, sweets and eggs. . . . I know it's awfully hard to avoid eggs. . . . No matter where you go you meet them. . . . Oh, THAT was a clap of thunder, wasn't it! . . . I never heard such baritone thunder. . . . Don't hug Mr. Sullivan so tight, my dear. . . . You'll choke him. . . . After all, I'd prefer death by lightning to death by slow strangulation. . . . They say your

whole life passes before you when you die by strangulation and I'd have to see mine over again. . . . Yes, indeedy, a bum show. . . . It's getting darker.

How magnificent an electric storm is if you're not out in it. . . . The rain comes slashing by in white sheets. . . . Drops as big as your solitaire are splashing on the ledge outside. . . . The black clouds are scurrying across the sky like pickaninnies late for school. . . . The trees in City Hall Park are bent under the weight of the storm. . . . Hark to that thunder, how it cracks and roars. . . . See the men down on the plaza. . . . How small they look from up here. . . . See how they scud for shelter before the gale, like ants rushing to escape from some giant's heel. . . . Poor little fools. . . . . . Don't be nervous. . . . Cuddle close to me. . . . Lightning cannot strike this office, my dear, because everything in here has been charged. . . . That one looks as if it struck the boss's office. . . . Yes, it did, see it falling down all crumpled and torn and baffled. . . . I wish it would stop. . . . I am not trembling. . . . Anybody is entitled to a tremble or two a week, and if I choose to take mine now, who shall say me nay? . . . Mm, it's coming louder and louder. . . . I ought to clean out beneath that desk, do you know it? . . . No, I'm not afraid. . . . I've been going to clean out beneath

that desk for years. . . . And I've been promising myself to spend an afternoon under that desk for months. . . . Bang, there goes another one! . . . Let go, Miss Hepplethwaite, I'm going underneath the desk. . . . I am NOT afraid, let go my neck. . . . What you trying to do, beat me under that desk? . . . No, you don't. . . . "Women and children last" is the motto around this office. . . . You get under your own desk. . . . There goes another one. . . . Good-by. . . . Let me know when it's stopped raining.

JULY 23.

Come, come now, Miss Hepplethwaite, is the wastebasket a nice place for a girl your age to be sitting with her feet hanging out? . . . Out of the wastebasket by four o'clock, my dear, or you lose your job. . . . It's cooler in there? . . . I know, but look at Mr. Sullivan. . . . He never complains, and he has to sit here in his fur overcoat and derby all during July, dictating columns. . . . It is an execrable idea that column conductors should have to wear this insufferable uniform. . . . Who prescribed it?

The instant one appears on the street in July in a fur overcoat, fur derby and fur-lined overshoes, carrying a Springfield rifle, one is instantly recognized as a column conductor, and cheered or jeered, ac-

cording to the prevailing mood of the unreasoning mob. . . . I am for a simpler uniform for column conductors. . . . Miss Hepplethwaite and I have nearly finished our Concerto for Two Typewriters in F Major. . . . We hope to have it heard some time in August at the Stadium. . . . Miss Hepplethwaite is going to have some difficulty, I fear, keeping up her part. . . . We have been in training for the affair for a month now, and she hasn't yet stayed the full ten rounds composing the concerto. . . . It is due to what I choose to call her innate restlessness. . . . There, you see, is an example of it. . . . Would an ordinary girl be chinning herself like that on the chandelier. . . . Three times since May have I had to get new chandeliers. . . . She can't sit at her typewriter like another girl. . . . She starts all right, and then the first thing I know she's on the desk standing on her hands, typewriting with her toes. . . . Or she's hanging from the moulding with one hand and one foot, typewriting with the other hand and foot. . . . Or she's swinging on the chandelier, typewriting a few rapid snatches every time she passes the machine. . . . I can't make her out. . . . If it were not that her vagaries are diverting, I should be annoyed. . . . What is it, Miss Hepplethwaite? . . . You want to play? . . . All right, you hide and I'll find you. . . . I'll count to a hundred. . . . Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. . . .

SEPTEMBER 14.

Don't do the Charleston now, Miss Hepplethwaite, I want you to take some letters. . . . And that ironing has got to be out of the way. . . . I said don't do the Charleston, did you hear, or shall I slap you? . . . I don't want the Charleston done around here. . . .

Miss Hepplethwaite, if I have to speak to you again a note goes home to your mother and you with it. . . . If you must dance I prefer the old-fashioned waltz. . . .

Herman, have Von Hoogstraten play "Pal of My Cradle Days." Now, isn't that better, Miss Hepplethwaite? . . . Can you take a letter while you're waltzing? . . . All right, that'll be fine. . . . It'll be killing two birds with one stone. . . . If we had a machine gun and a green hunting cap with a feather in it I don't doubt a bit we could kill four or five. . . .

Take a letter to President Coolidge, No. 47 Pennsylvania Avenue, Apartment 4C, care of Dollitzel, Washington, D. C.—Dear Mr. President. Yours of the 25th inst. at hand and in reply beg to state that we are all out of the red ones. We have some very good blues at $4.75 the hundred. Very truly yours. . . .

Wait. . . . Put another sentence in, with "in re"

in it. . . . Any sentence'll do, just so you get "in re" in. . . . It's good selling talk. . . . Put it this way, quote In re Mrs. Coolidge, how is she? In good health, I hope. Very truly yours. End quote. . . .

Take another letter. To Miss America, Atlantic City. Darling. Five o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, in the lobby of the Biltmore, will suit me fine and dandy. Very truly yours. . . . There now, I knew you'd do it. . . . You've got the letters in the wrong envelopes. . . .

You're at that Charleston again, aren't you; and after I told you to stick to waltzing. . . . There goes President Arthur's picture. . . . Don't come down so heavy. . . . You've spilled the ink. . . . Now see, there goes the water cooler, . . . and there goes Whistler's "Portrait of a Lady, or at Least She Said She Was."

Stop, Martha. . . . Remember that a Chief of Police in New Jersey won't let them dance the Charleston except in reinforced-steel-concrete buildings. . . . Anyhow, you're doing it wrong. . . . It's your knee. . . . Here, let me show you. . . . Give me your knee a minute. . . . What me. . . . Ow! . . . See, how I do it. . . . It hurts at first, but you get used to it. . . . The reason I do it so well is because I have water on the knee. . . . Herman, tell Von Hoogstraten to play "Ukulele Lady" for an hour or so, and go down and tell those people on the floor

below if they don't stop knocking on the ceiling I'll complain on them. . . . Come on, Martha, let's dance!

SEPTEMBER 28.

Ah-ha, so that's where my purple suspenders went, and me looking all over town for them for weeks to wear with my green-and-orange-striped shirt. . . . Herman, come here and take a look at this. . . . She's using my suspenders for exercisers. . . . Inkwells tied to the end for weights. . . . My good suspenders that I got Christmas, 1923, in Sunday school for being a very good boy thirty-nine consecutive days, all except the night I ran into that bunch and we wound up over in Brooklyn at five o'clock in the morning. . . . Martha Hepplethwaite, if it wasn't only three months to Christmas and we expecting a present from you valued at from $50 up, I'd be tempted to give you your two weeks' notice almost any minute. . . . Sometimes you provoke me so I feel like taking you across my knee and giving you a good taste of the old shoeleather. . . . Oh, yes, I could. . . . Oh, yes, I could, I said. . . . You think I couldn't? . . .

All right. . . . Herman, out of the way. . . . What rules do you choose, Martha? . . . We'll toss for catch-as-catch-can or Marquis of Queensberry.

. . . You're matching me. . . . You didn't. . . . I get the half dollar. . . . That makes three weeks' salary I owe you. . . . How on earth do you manage to make ends meet, Martha? . . . Don't make me talk like this while we're wrestling. . . . No, now, Martha, you can't do that. . . . It was not Herman. . . . How could Herman bite my ear from where he is? . . . Take your thumb out of my eye. . . . Well, that's different; the rules say I can stick my thumb in your eye when in doubt, and I'm in doubt. . . . I did not knock your head against that radiator. . . . It was this radiator over here. . . . Are you down? . . . Do you give up? . . . No fair jumping up and down on my chest like that. . . . I'm not being rescued from drowning. . . . Will you get off me for a minute while I ask you a civil question? . . . I want to ask you if you give up. . . . The rules say that you can't choke me like that. . . . Yes, it says so on Page 64. . . . You can look it up yourself. . . . Don't do it, Herman. . . . Make her get up and get it. . . . She's able to wait on herself. . . . It's page 64, Martha, right under the recipes for tasty salads on short notice. . . . All right now, quick, Herman, while she's not looking. . . . Quick, that iron bar. . . . Now (bang!) Martha (clank!) do you (blop!) give up? (blump!)

She gives up, Herman.

OCTOBER 5.

Miss Hepplethwaite, take a letter. . . . Why not? . . . Don't I pay you to take letters, or did you think I had you around here just for the sheer joy of living? . . . Go ahead, be a sport and take the letter, Martha. . . . Well, why not? . . . You are the beatin'est . . .

Well, I've got to have a letter taken by somebody. . . . It's been days and days since I've given you a letter and you've taken it, and when you come to think of it, after all, life just resolves itself into a question of give and take, doesn't it? . . .

Will you take the letter, Martha? . . . Stop drumming on the table. . . . You're not in the mood to take a letter? . . . Who told you you could go in for moods? . . . Lay off moods, Hepplethwaite; leave them for your betters. . . . Herman, here I've got a letter in my system, burning to be written, and she won't take it. . . . Making a repressed neurotic out of me, that's what she's doing.

She says I'd better sublimate the letter. . . . Martha, I tell you what. . . . If you'll take the letter, I'll let you ride around the block on my tricycle. . . . I'll let you ride around twice. . . . Think of that! . . . You can ride around trice on my twicycle. . . . I mean twice on my tricycle. . . .

. . . Well, then, I'll let you come to my circus next Saturday free, and it's going to be ten pins for everybody else. . . . I'll give you half this piece of chewing gum. . . . And two of these keys and this whistle and I'll let you whittle with my knife some day. . . . No, you can't have any of my cigarette pictures. . . .

Well, hold on. I'll give you this one of Della Fox and that Robert B. Mantell and Fay Templeton and Julia Marlowe and Rose Coghlan, but I want to keep Lillian Russell and Frankie Bailey. . . .

Now, will you take the letter? . . . If I let you be IN the circus, will you? . . . All right, but remember I said only twice around the block on the tricycle. . . . Get ready to take the letter, Martha. . . . Ready, set. . . . .

What are you doing? . . . What are you putting the belt on for? . . . Herman, look at her. . . . She's hung herself to the chandelier in a belt and she's taking my dictation with her feet, and at the same time she hangs over the typewriter and transcribes it with her hands. . . . Well, it certainly is a time-saver. Martha. . . . You can certainly be in the circus, Martha. . . . You can be the Armless Wonder that writes with her toes, and we'll charge a penny. . . . Don't she beat all, Herman?

NOVEMBER 4.

MARTHA HEPPLETHWAITE voted in the Fifteenth Assembly District yesterday, using the voting machine which was in vogue there. In a statement, issued later, she announced her approval of the machine.

"I think it will prove a boon to housewives," said Miss Hepplethwaite. "Have you that tired feeling at night, after you have spent a day over the washtub? Does your back ache? Does the slightest thing your husband throws at you irritate you?

"All these cares will vanish with one of the new voting machines in the home. You simply pull a lever and the week's voting is done. Another lever pulled and the bread is mixed. No more backaches. No more headaches. No more pains in the neck, wings or giblets. The housewife who was wont to spend all day over a dreary washtub can now finish her household tasks in an hour and a half and spend the rest of the day voting.

"Voting is made a pleasure by the new device. And they are very reasonable in price. Ten dollars down and a dollar a week secures one for your house, together with a year's subscription to the *American Mercury*, *Foreign Missions Advocate*, the *Berliner Tageblatt* and *I Confess*."

Despite this unqualified approval, Miss Hepplethwaite's approval was qualified.

"I do think the new voting machines could stand a little oiling," she declared. "They do burn up the gas something terrible. I only got four votes to the gallon. I had to take on two more gallons before I had half finished casting my votes for Jimmy Walker.

"And I don't like the hood. Now, if the man who invented the voting machine would take a good look at a Franklin or a Renault and remodel his contraption a little more on the lines of those machines, I think he would have just a real good voting machine."

Miss H. thinks, too, that the new machine ought to have another gear. She said she voted for Walker, Berry and McKee in low, but had to throw her gear in high before she could vote for Waterman and Thomas.

Miss Hepplethwaite said that some amusing incidents occurred during the trials of the voting machine in the Fifteenth. In the Eleventh Precinct, said she, a young man came in, dropped a penny in one of the slots and then complained loudly because there was no picture of a French actress emerging from the bath.

Children were constantly demanding that their mothers or fathers produce gum or other edibles

from the machines. Some tried to get weighed. One gentleman, who evidently had partaken of the "cup that cheers" (Shakespeare, 1658—), actually tried, by inserting nickels in the slot, to purchase himself a Horn and Hardart dinner.

NOVEMBER 17.

A NEW poetess, whom veterans in the poetry game already are hailing as a prodigy, has appeared in the person of Miss Martha Hepplethwaite, a young New York woman. Miss Hepplethwaite happens to be secretary to this department, but the news that she had been writing verse on the side was certainly a surprise to the proprietor.

She had been acting a bit moody for several weeks and just picked at her food. The proprietor was getting quite worried about her but never dreamed that her trouble was writing poems. He thought she probably had a touch of pleurisy.

"And now," he said yesterday, "instead of getting better, I find she's getting verse."

Miss Hepplethwaite, while forty, looks only about forty-five, with her hair down and a blue ribbon in it, but she writes most of her poetry with her hair up.

"I find it better," she admitted to Chief Inspector Lahey yesterday. "When it's up, you at least know

where it is, but when it's down, it's all over the place."

"How did you come to write your first poem?" she was asked.

"I was standing at Times Square one winter afternoon at dusk," she said, "and the strangest mood came over me. I felt something welling up within me. I did not know what it was. Then I felt a strange impulse to write a poem. There was no paper handy. I acted upon the impulse of the moment and scribbled the verse upon the back of a taxicab I had been leaning against, waiting for traffic to pass. The taxi driver was very angry with me when he discovered what I had done, but when he read the poem he wept and said it was marvelous, and I must sell it to some magazine.

"The poem was there on the taxicab, so we had to take the taxicab along, too, and we felt so foolish dragging that taxicab into magazine office after magazine office. Finally we sold the taxicab and the poem for $14, and you cannot know how delighted the taxicab chauffeur and I were with that first money earned from my poetry. The chauffeur divvied with me, he taking thirteen of the dollars and I getting one. This was the verse I wrote:

"'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.'"

This maiden effort of the young stenographer-poet was hailed by veteran poets as betokening great poetical ability. John Greenleaf Whittier declared that he had never heard the atmosphere of dusk at Times Square expressed more beautifully.

Miss Hepplethwaite is the author also of this little bit, which she calls, "To a Pond Lily":

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns,' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

This other little verse Miss Hepplethwaite wrote in two days and a night. She calls it "Lines on Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-six":

"'Forward the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

Miss Hepplethwaite states that she writes these masterpieces all by herself and has never had a lesson in poetry.

NOVEMBER 20.

MARTHA HEPPLETHWAITE, the girl wonder poetess, continued to be a target yesterday for denunciations by various prominent poets and poetesses who assert that a young woman of Miss Hepplethwaite's age could not possibly have written the remarkable verses attributed to her.

Chief among those who attacked Miss Hepplethwaite's poetry as a hoax was Miss Tiny Bromp, the poetess laureate of Scoharie County, who declares she can prove that Miss Hepplethwaite's poetry was really written by a group of prominent men and women one night as a joke.

Miss Bromp specifically named the following well-known persons, in the order of their appearance, as the co-authors of the Hepplethwaite poetry:

Edgar A. Guest, Edgar Lee Masters, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Gene Tunney, John V. A. Weaver, Ambrose Glutz, William Rose Benet, Mrs. Oliver Harriman (ex-officio, as leader of the Girl Scouts), Don Marquis, Leonard Kip Rhinelander, the Fuller Construction Company, Peggy Hopkins, Colonel William Mitchell, Frank Hedley, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Horn & Hardart, Peggy Hopkins Joyce Morner, Lady Diana Manners, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, A. B. See and the President of the Board of Aldermen, ex-officio.

"These ladies and gentlemen happened to meet one night in the Seventh Regiment Armory," Miss Bromp charges, "and the hoax started there. The Fuller Construction Company was represented by one of its Vice-Presidents. The President of the Board of Aldermen had a date and couldn't come so he sent his brother-in-law, Fred Merch, who is quite a card, as you know. Then there were forty or fifty Vice-Presidents of the National City Bank, and they looked splendid as they did a fancy drill in their natty uniforms as Vice-Presidents of the N. C. B.

"Somebody got the idea of putting over the hoax, and all present then and there sat down and composed a long poem, which you may remember, as it was printed later over Martha Hepplethwaite's name. It began like this:

" 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.' "

"That was the start of the hoax. It went so well the gang wrote more and more and the public was fooled. Why, Martha Hepplethwaite never wrote that poem, 'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.' And neither did F. P. A. I know for a fact it was written by Mr. Horn, of Horn & Hardart, and Don Marquis, with maybe a dash of Peggy Joyce thrown in."

As an answer to her critics, Miss Hepplethwaite yesterday announced that on Monday she will give a demonstration of practical poetry writing at some public place to be announced later. Probably it will take place in the window of the Western Union telegraph office at Forty-first Street and Broadway.

Miss Hepplethwaite will agree to write, at a moment's notice, a poem in any number of stanzas desired, on any subject in the world excepting the following: Secretary Hoover, the Locarno pact, the English rout at Bunker Hill, the last stand of Custer, the industry of the bee, love and the proposed new schedule on wool.

She will use one of the new model multigraph poetry machines and will give an autographed copy of one of her poems to each man, woman or child in

the audience, together with a cake of soap and a handsome miniature toothbrush. There will be a slight charge of fifty cents to cover the cost of renting the chairs and hiring the sandwiches.

DECEMBER 15.

MARTHA! . . . MARTHA! Come down off there. . . . How do you expect I can get any work done with you hurtling through the air every other second. . . . Well, do your exercises before you come to the office. . . . You seem to forget this office is only thirty-eight feet by forty-four. . . . What? . . . How about the thickness? . . . Well, girl, it's just so thick that it hired you, so figure the rest out for yourself. . . . Come down here. . . . You look ridiculous in that position. . . . Fix your hair. . . . Fix your lip. . . . Fix everything. . . . I never saw a girl who needed more fixing than you. . . . You can stray farther from the original plans and specifications than any girl I know, with four possible exceptions. . . . Come down. . . . Well, then, what did you get up for? . . . Jump, it won't hurt you. . . . Oh, jump, my goodness, you'd think you were on the top of the Woolworth Building. . . . Jump, Martha, Mr. Sullivan will catch you. . . . There's a dear, now. . . . Jump and Mr. Sullivan will lie here on this mattress and when you

jump he will catch you on his feet and dance you up and down like the Japanese acrobats do to the barrel. . . . Won't that be fun? . . . Wait, we must do the thing right. . . . Herman, get something Japanese for Miss Hepplethwaite. . . . Get her a Japanese question. . . . I'll take a Geisha girl, myself. . . . Come, Martha, you're to be my great, big Geisha girl and I'll be your Captain Pinkerton. . . . All ready, Martha? . . . Herman, have Rachmaninoff play something acrobatic. . . . Kitten on the Keys will do, Racky. . . . All right, Martha. . . . One, two, three, CAMERA! . . . Oof! . . . Ouch! . . . Wait a minute, I got her. . . . Lemme alone, Herman! . . . U-u-u-u-u-u-upseydaisy, there she goes! . . . See, I told you I could do it. . . . Around she goes, thatagirl, Martha. . . . Clasp your hands behind your, shall I say, hips, and you'll revolve easier. . . . My goodness, this is fun. . . . We must do this often. . . . Getting dizzy, honey? . . . Doesn't she bounce well, Herman? . . . She bounces just like a cannon ball. . . . She's as light as a featherbed, including the springs, and any two given persons weighing 130 pounds each. . . . Martha, darling, Mr. Sullivan can't keep bouncing you on his feet like a Japanese acrobat all day. . . . We have work to do, you must realize. . . . Got to get that sausage made to-day, you may recall. . . . Now, Mr. Sullivan wants Martha to come down off

his feet, and no more fooling. . . . But I can't stop Herman, if I do she'll fall down on me. . . . Heavens, what have I let myself in for! . . . I want to go away for Christmas. . . . I think I can give her one final bounce and land her over by the desk. . . . Here goes! . . . Up she goes! . . . Oh, gosh, a bad punt. . . . Here she comes. . . . Herman, help! . . . Oh, my! . . . O-o-o-o-o-o-oh!

JANUARY 13.

Martha, send a letter to Secretary Mellon and tell him our aluminum percolator leaks. . . . Ask him if he can suggest anything. . . . Ho hum, it's one of those days you hate to spoil with work. . . . Let's knock off, Martha. . . . Put your pad and pencil in the safe and stick your gum in Mr. Sullivan's brief case until to-morrow. . . . Now we'll have one of our oldtime oriental afternoons. . . . Music, soft lights, and the Mediterranean seen through porphyry columns as a soft blue haze in the distance. . . . All that sort of thing, hey? . . . Get my oriental costume, the one with the leg o' mutton pants, the Shriner's fez, the blue velvet Eton jacket, embroidered with seed pearls, and the red leather shoes. . . . What? . . . No seed pearls? . . . Somebody will pay for this. . . . Ask him if he's got any nice fresh spinach. . . . Strew the place with

silken cushions of varied hues—scarlet, amethyst, the yellow of virgin gold and the blue of a freshly-blackened eye. . . . Leave me lay, Martha, upon eiderdown, forgetting for the moment that I am Sullivan, the wearied magnate, the Iron Man of 'Change, at the slightest crook of whose finger a thousand millionaires shiver and cry, "Mercy, for the love of Allah, mercy." . . . Bring in some opium. . . . What? . . . Again? . . . Martha, you've got to figure out some way of keeping that dratted cat away from the opium. . . . Is there any catnip? . . . Well, bring that in, then. . . . Which of the musicians are on duty? . . . All right, let us have Whiteman, Gershwin, Lopez and Art Samuels up. . . . Arthur, I want you boys to play me something exotic to-day. . . . You perceive my mood. . . . You can tell I'm in a languorous mood by these yellow satin pants I'm wearing. . . . Play me something dreamily reminiscent of the Nile of three thousand years ago, of the purr of the palm trees in the soft southern sirocco, of a barge draped with cloth of gold, and on the barge a lovely Egyptianess with red, red lips, gazing at me through emerald eyes from beneath heavy black lashes; of the forty Nubian slaves manning the barge, the sheen of their ebony muscles, shifting eerily in the moonlight as they row, row, row, way up the river he would row, row, row, and then he'd give her . . .

but what am I saying? . . . In brief, Arthur, play me "Bedelia." . . . Martha, will you oblige by slipping on something and doing a dance in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. . . . Put on your harem costume, which consists of white satin with regulation four-yard train, long sleeves and high neck (for the dear Queen would never tolerate these newfangled costumes) and the usual three ostrich plumes in the hair. . . . Do me an abandoned quadrille the way you used to in the old days when we used to have the parties in the blue room at Sherry's. . . . When you used to insist on doing a quadrille on the piano keys every morning at three-thirty. . . . Those good old days. . . . Remember the night you climbed out of the hansom and rode on the horse's back, drinking horse's necks? . . . Ah, me! . . . Yes, Martha, you certainly are right, a lady can't ride on top of an automobile radiator very long. Burney, burney, as we say to the kiddies, eh?

FEBRUARY 3.

You're an hour and a half late, Martha. . . . You look as if you ought to have been three hours late. . . . Come, now, don't think you can fool me by walking in backwards and pretending you've been here all the time and are just going out to get the mail.

You go back out and come in the right way, face first, like a little lady. . . . Did you wipe your feet? . . . I thought not. . . . Here, take Mr. Sullivan's silk handkerchief. You can't pull the wool over my eyes. . . . No, you can't. . . . If there's anything I hate over my eyes, it's wool. I wear the same weight cotton over my eyes winter and summer. . . . I don't believe in changing. . . . You're liable to take cold in your eyes. . . .

Well, Martha, come—come, haven't you forgotten something? . . . That's better. . . . Now make a nice curtsey and take your seat and tell us about any interesting birds, flowers or taxicab drivers you saw on your journey from home to the office to-day. . . . What? . . . You did? . . . Well, that's perfectly lovely. . . . Herman, do you hear? Martha, on her way down, saw some night-blooming orchids in a florist's window on Fifth Avenue for a dollar and a quarter apiece and she had a dozen charged to you.

Now, that's an observing little girl, Martha, and it's the way I like you to be. As a reward you shall have a red star on your report card and a dollar deducted from your salary. You also saw a genuine red-headed taxi driver! . . . How marvelous! You hear that, Herman? . . . Martha saw a real red-headed taxicab driver. . . . They are very rare at this time of the year, too. . . . Usually they don't

appear so far north as this until the mating season starts, in late March.

What was your red-headed taxi driver doing, Martha? . . . You didn't succeed in catching the little fellow, I suppose. . . . They are so elusive. . . . I know a policeman quite well who is a great lover of wild birds and he once chased a particularly fine specimen of red-headed taxi driver for twenty blocks, firing over forty shots at him, but the little fellow escaped.

What, Martha? . . . You DID catch one? . . . Why, that's splendid. . . . What did you do, put salt on his tail? . . . Oh, you used a blackjack. . . . Oh, yes, I see where it left the mark on his head. . . . Oh, he's a lovely one. . . . He's quite tame, too. . . . Perhaps somebody's pet. . . . They do tame them, you know, and make pets of them. . . . They learn very quickly and are said to be very cute at times. . . . However, I think we should all realize that it is wrong and a violation of Mother Nature's law to cage the dear little things of the wild wood.

The little taxicab driver has as much right to his freedom as you have to yours, Martha. . . . See how his little heart flutters. . . . Hear his plaintive cry. Martha, dear, you must have picked up a particularly wild specimen. . . . No, we can't keep him. . . . Open the window. . . . Fly away, little red-headed

taxicab driver, back to your nest. Your home is on fire and there's a spot on your vest. . . . That's from Mother Goose, Martha.

North Pole, May 17 (Bulletin)—Miss Martha Hepplethwaite, the intrepid explorer, was reported at 3 A.M. to-day (that would be Septuagesima Sunday, Eastern Standard Time, or Wednesday in Italy) to be fifty miles (that would be $1.20 in American money if you allow ten per cent for breakage, maid service and electricity) from the northern end of Baffin's Bay. Miss Hepplethwaite planted the American flag in the Bay and took possession of it in the name of the Great Jehovah and the First Continental Congress. She then christened the discovery "Baffin's Bay" in honor of her first cousin, Mrs. Fred Watrous, she that was Nellie Flynn, daughter of Old Man Flynn that used to be night watchman at the gas tank in Astoria.

Schenectady, May 17—Miss Martha Hepplethwaite, the intrepid explorer who is coasting from Spitzbergen to Nome by way of the North Pole, is believed to be nearing her goal, according to messages intercepted here to-day by the powerful radio station at WGY. Fragments of a talk on "Easy Desserts for the Housewife Surprised by Unexpected Company" received at the station are believed to have come from

Miss Hepplethwaite, who had been scheduled to lecture on that topic before the Dorcas Society of Eeff, Spitzbergen, yesterday.

Peoria, May 17 (Bulletin)—Miss Martha Hepplethwaite, the intrepid explorer, who is tobogganning from Spitzbergen to Nome, Alaska, by way of the North Pole and the Mohawk Trail, is well on her way, according to a radio received from Miss Hepplethwaite to-day by Mrs. Saul Murphy of this city. Mrs. Murphy and Miss Hepplethwaite were classmates in the Spanish War.

Miss Hepplethwaite's despatch follows:

"Dear Carrie:

"Everything O. K. so far. Left the top of the hill at Spitzbergen Saturday night in my flexible flyer. Had some trouble getting started, owing to the fact that the Spitzbergen Chamber of Commerce had sprinkled the hill with ashes, but finally did get started after a very short Swedish gentleman named Olaf gave me a push. At first I thought he was too short to get the thing started, but as I always say, 'Half an Olaf is better than none.'

"I am all alone on the trip. Gen. Butler, Sophie Tucker, President Coolidge and Edsel Ford couldn't come. I am, of course, well up in the Arctic Circle now and am sleeping under blankets every night. Wish you were here. Passed through Canada on

Sunday and planted American flag there, but I don't know whether it will grow or not. It's pretty late, you know, for planting American flags. I took possession of Canada in the name of Joseph P. Day, because I think he could really do something with Canada if he split it up into building lots and had an auction under a tent with free lemonade.

"I expect to coast downhill to the Pole, thus getting enough momentum to carry me uphill as far as Nome. In case I run short of momentum before I reach Nome I shall wire you to do me the favor of sending a gallon or so of momentum immediately. I shall wire you in our usual cipher code. If my message says 'Have run short of momentum. Send some immediately,' you will know that what I really mean is that I have run short of momentum and need more right away.

"I do not expect to stay long at Nome. Long enough, perhaps, to see the polo and the whippet racing, and then I shall leave Nome and proceed to Yes'm. Hope you are all well. I am all well here. Respectfully Martha Hepplethwaite.

North Pole, May 17, 6 A.M. (Bulletin).—Miss Martha Hepplethwaite's flexible flyer passed here ten minutes ago. Miss Hepplethwaite was not aboard. The Missing Persons Bureau of the North Pole Police Department has been notified.

North Pole, May 19.—Miss Martha Hepplethwaite, the intrepid explorer, arrived here to-day and took possession of the North Pole in the name of the Terminal Barber Shops, Inc.

The arrival of Miss Hepplethwaite ended a four-day stretch of anxiety that started when her famous toboggan, the "Z-22," so named in honor of Henry Ford, coasted past the Pole, empty. For days Northwest Mounted Police, led by Tom Meighan, William S. Hart, Tom Mix and Noah Beery, had been scouring the Arctic Circle in a search for the missing heroine, and as a result the old Circle looked pretty bright and shining to-day when Miss Hepplethwaite arrived.

"We did the best we could," Mr. Meighan explained. "We scoured the Arctic Circle steadily for the entire four days. Look at my hands! Arctic Circles are certainly hard to keep clean."

Miss Hepplethwaite was asked how it was she had arrived four days after her toboggan, in view of the fact that the toboggan and she had made the take-off from Spitzbergen together.

"I fell off passing Greenland," she explained, "and coasted the remaining thousand miles on my own momentum."

(This marks the first time any human being has ever coasted a thousand miles on his or her momentum. Scientists have considered the feat impossible.)

"Yes," the intrepid coaster continued. "I must have dozed off or something. Anyhow, first thing I knew, there I was on the snow, and the toboggan was only a speck on the horizon. But I made up my mind to continue coasting, anyhow. There was nothing much else to do. There is no place to go nights in Greenland."

Miss Hepplethwaite denounced what she termed the growing practice of North Pole discoverers to litter the region around the Pole with rubbish.

"There should be a law against it," she declared. "I found the road to the Pole simply covered with old lunch boxes, banana peels, sandwich crusts, paper napkins and the like, and in many cases the ice has been seriously damaged by thoughtless North Pole discoverers who have chipped pieces off as souvenirs, or carved their initials in the various bergs. This is nothing short of vandalism. North Pole discoverers, instead of strewing the remnants of their picnics along the route, should tie them securely into a bundle and keep them until the return to New York, when they can be thrown into Central Park. If we want the better class of discoverers to come to the North Pole we have got to keep the place in better order."

Miss Hepplethwaite will proceed to Teller, Alaska, where she will be deflated and shipped by freight back to New York.

North Pole, May 24—The week-end, which offered the finest weather the Pole has seen this year, witnessed the arrival of a number of new Pole discoverers. Among those who discovered the Pole over the week-end were the following from New York and vicinity:

Miss Sarah Gallup of Holcomb Landing, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Henderson and daughter, Fred, of Matteawan; Dr. and Mrs. Floyd Kreeble of Saugerties, Isaac F. Marcosson, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Knapp and daughter, June, of Saratoga Springs.

The various bonifaces in charge of the hotels at this resort declare the coming season is going to be the most brilliant the Pole has seen since the visit of Commander Robert E. Peary, nearly a score of years ago. Winfield S. Hill, manager of North Pole House, announced yesterday that work would be started immediately on the erection of a new wing to accommodate the expected rush of discoverers at his hostelry. Mr. Hill stated also that in addition to the wing he might erect a new leg and new giblets.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Van Rensselaer Van Rensselaer of Van Rensselaer Park, Rensselaer County, N. Y., have joined the hegira of society to the Pole, and instead of occupying their Newport mansion, The Ruins, this summer, they will take the Peary igloo at the Pole for the major portion of the season.

Such has been the crush of discoverers about the Pole lately that the City Fathers, at a meeting held on the Municipal iceberg last night, decided to build an iron fence around the Pole to keep vandals from harming it. The Pole is at present entirely unprotected, and unscrupulous discoverers, some of them probably destructive children, have chipped off pieces of the Pole as souvenirs. The City Fathers declare this must stop.

It has also been found necessary to regulate the discovering hours at the Pole. Owing to the confusion from the crush of incoming discoverers, the City Fathers have passed an ordinance eliminating discovery of the Pole by night and confining it to the hours from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. in the day, which in Eastern Standard Time would be June, July, August, September, October and November.

It has also been found necessary to make Nome and Spitzbergen one-way routes. Discoverers hereafter will be allowed to approach the Pole only from Baffinland, and the exit will be via Point Barrow.

The City Council also passed an ordinance prohibiting open cutouts for dirigibles passing above the Pole.

The flags of ninety-two countries have now been planted at the Pole, and the City Council plans to make a crazy quilt of them. If there are not enough

flags, the City Council is empowered to order more countries.

It was also announced yesterday that no more American or Norwegian discoverers will be admitted to the Pole, the May quota being now filled.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" will play at the Pole Opera House next week. Real ice will be used in the scene where Washington crosses the Delaware, pursued by Eliza.

THE NICE COOL SEWER

A TRIP through the famous sewers of New York! Imagine the thrill this prospect gave us as Mrs. Alving, our hostess while we were in New York, told us that a trip through the Gotham sewers was to be the program for Wednesday night!

Visions of gloomy subterranean channels, clammy with the sweat of the dark and reeking with the ghosts of fleeing, wild-eyed Apaches, came upon us. We saw ourselves wandering through eerie, echoing passageways, specked with the dark, faded blood of imbroglios long since forgotten. We saw furtive eyes peering at us, daggers unsheathed—ah, Mammy!

We were all agog, that is, all except Bessie. She never gets agog. "Old Mrs. Calm," we had learned to call her, although she is only fifty-nine. She never gets excited over anything. The day she fell from the Woolworth Tower she never said a word. The rest of us were shrieking.

"You had better wrap up well," Mrs. Alving cautioned us, so I put Bessie in a cardboard box, wrapped her up well in brown manila paper and after tying the whole package securely with a stout brown cord, addressed it to "The Secretary of the Navy, Yonkers, N. Y. Apartment 9C."

"Are you ready?" called Mrs. Alving.

With merry shouts of "No, blast you!" we all scampered downstairs. Outside, the motor purred impatiently as we all clambered merrily aboard a Broadway Seventh Avenue surface car.

There are four sewers in New York, but one was cut up into sections in 1908 to make smokestacks for the steamship *Leviathan*, and another was lifted above ground in the following year to make the Park Avenue tunnel.

There are two ways of getting into the sewers. One may take a train from the Grand Central to the reservoir at Ashokan, dive into the reservoir, grope about until one finds the sewer entrance, and then swim down to the desired point. The other way is simply to take a pick and shovel, go out to almost any spot on Fifth Avenue, and dig down until one strikes a sewer. The authorities do not make any objection, provided that the sightseer pulls the stones and asphalt back in place as he descends.

Our guide was a kindly old man, a justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. He informed us that a great many of the younger justices are working their way through the Supreme Court and consider it no disgrace to spend their summer at such tasks as guiding visitors through the sewers, taking in plain sewing, and tutoring budding saxophonists.

His name was Judge Brack. He gave us a brief history of the New York sewers:

In 1777, General Washington, whose headquarters were at that time in the Waldorf-Astoria, was informed that General Burgoyne planned to advance from Ticonderoga by way of Saratoga, reaching the latter resort in time for the August racing season.

Washington knew further that, about the end of August, Burgoyne planned to advance on Albany, taking the night boat thence to New York, where the British army planned to spend Labor Day.

"Very well," the Father of his Country told his assembled generals. "If Burgoyne plans to come to New York by way of the night boat it is obvious that he'll have to use the Hudson River. So our cue is to do what? That general in the corner will answer."

"Please, sir," said Mad Anthony Wayne, "make applesauce?"

"Come, come now," said Washington, frowning, "I see plainly that some little general hasn't been preparing his lesson."

Twelve generals quickly raised their hands.

"I know," said one bright-looking general who was named Ethan Allen. "Tell him the berths have all been sold."

But it was young General Benedict Arnold who finally guessed right.

"We could fool Burgoyne," he suggested, "by hiding the Hudson River on him."

"Good," said General Washington, smiling. "A very good answer!"

"Very good hell!" exclaimed the disgruntled General Arnold. "It's perfect."

And he went right out and betrayed his country.

Well, five large sewers were quickly dug underneath the Island, and the Continentals, working with might and main and two buckets each, emptied the Hudson River from the Battery to Peekskill into these five sewers in less than two weeks.

Meanwhile, Burgoyne thought he could take Saratoga, but he surrendered at the end of the first week of the races. The Hudson River lay concealed under the Island until several years after the Revolution, when the Governor of New Jersey made New York put it back where she found it. He claimed chickens from New York were walking across the river-bed to root up the beer gardens in Hoboken.

After finishing his historical sketch, Judge Brack then told us to take hold of his beard and follow along, and we all did except Bessie, who, by this time, had been sent back because there was two cents' postage due on her.

Our guide also showed us the famous "nice cool sewer" of the story of that time, which perhaps some

of you folks may have heard, about the laborer who came home on the excessively hot day and grumbled because his supper wasn't ready. So his poor wife, herself fairly dripping with perspiration, turned on him and said: "Don't be comin' home here, complainin'. Here I am workin' all day over a hot stove and you down in the nice, cool sewer." (*Laughter.*)

He also showed us a place which he called "Mammoth Cave." It is a sort of cave, so called because one day a little girl, passing through, noticed that the cave was a good deal like a cave her father had given her mother for Christmas, so the little girl, who lisped quite badly, exclaimed, "Oh, there'th Mammoth Cave!" Well, sir, every one laughed heartily at the tot's ready wit, which encouraged her so much that she immediately nicknamed the cave next door "Poppath Cave." The little tot's body was unfortunately never recovered.

But the nicest part of the trip came when it got very dark, and we all let go of Judge Brack's beard and the various fellows held hands with the various girls until some smartie struck a match.

By all means miss the New York sewers when you visit there.

HOW I BECAME A SUBWAY EXCAVATOR

If anybody had told me a year ago that I would ever take up subway excavating seriously, I would have laughed at him. As a matter of fact, a fellow did tell me a year ago that I would do that very thing and I really did laugh at him.

It wasn't exactly a year ago either. It was June 11, 1919. He and I were sitting in the Metropolitan Club. We weren't exactly in the club, that is to say. We were sitting on a hydrant just outside, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street. I don't recall the chap's full name, but I do remember that his last name was Prnszlumxszki. He was a Pole. He was born in a little town in upper Poland, so he used to laugh and say that he was a "North Pole."

I rarely used to call him by his right name, because, after all, what's in a name? I used to call him by any old name that happened to strike the mood I was in at the moment, and he always knew when I meant him, provided I crooked the index finger of my left hand as a signal. Some days I'd just call him George and let it go at that. Other days I'd call him Woodrow Wilson, or Norman-Bel Geddes, or Baron Renfrew, or Morris Gest. Once I called

him David Belasco, but I forgot to crook my finger and I never got any response.

The Pole was a whimsical sort of chap. He could never make up his mind. The day I ran into him he had been stalled at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street for days and he was getting quite hungry. He was in a devil of a fix. Every time the traffic cop gave the signal for north and south bound traffic, the poor chap would decide he wanted to go east or west. Then he'd have to wait, of course, and by the time the cop gave the signal for east and west bound traffic, the poor fellow's mind would have changed on him, and he would find himself wanting to go north and south again. I finally extricated him from his position by getting a ladder and persuading him to climb straight up.

He was an excavator in the subway and later, at dinner, he was telling me about the joys of excavating.

"It'll get you yet," he said, and the gleam of the fanatic was in his eye.

"It will not," I assured him with emphasis. "I can't imagine anything more repelling than digging an excavation for a subway."

"It'll get you yet," he persisted.

"It will not," I said, irritated, "and furthermore, you ought to do something about that gleam of the

fanatic which I notice in your right eye. I know a good eye doctor, if you want his address."

Years passed.

A few months ago they started excavating Central Park West right in front of my nose. Well, a little farther out; but even so, it was most disagreeable. Just as you fell into a morning doze there would be an explosion. For the life of you, you couldn't tell whether it was those blasted subway blasters or the kitchen still gone wrong. You had to get up and find out, and like as not you stepped on a tack.

One day, leaving the house, I noticed five of the hated intruders struggling with a rock their beastly dynamite had loosened. It was a fairish rock in size, weighing perhaps a ton. They couldn't budge it. My interest was aroused, and you know my interest, once it is aroused.

I descended into the hole and shoved the quintet aside.

"Aside, quintet," I said, "this is a good trick if I do it, and . . ." I seized the rock.

". . . it's a—oof!—good trick if I—oof!—(here I lifted the rock and flung it clear of the excavation) don't!"

You should have seen their faces. A little soap would have done them no harm.

Naturally I was flattered by their adulation. Here were men who had been excavating for years kissing

my hand and calling me "Master." I was thrilled. I got a distinct kick out of it, and next morning I found myself lingering by the excavation. The next morning I did not hesitate, but went right down and was soon tossing rocks as merrily as any man jack among them.

Now the thing has got me. The Pole was right. I don't golf at all any more. It would seem flat. My color is much better than it was, I sleep and eat better, and the contractor lets me keep twelve per cent of all the rocks I find.

I have taken over the excavating from 104th to 105th Streets and have promised to have it all messed up by Shrove Tuesday. The folks, I guess, think I'm more interested in digging that subway than I am in my job.

"You're more interested in that subway than you are in your job," they tell me.

About this matter of digging the subway, I think we will have some real progress to report at the next meeting of Sorosis. Of course, we all want to realize that the work is yet in its infancy.

Now, you take for instance the excavation at 105th Street, where I am in charge. We haven't broken a window in any of the houses up there yet, but your committee has picked out a remarkably fine plate-glass specimen on which we have been working for two weeks. But we don't quite seem to be

able to get just the proper quantity of dynamite in the blast. We're using Mrs. Rorer's recipe for the blast; that is, two parts dynamite, to a tablespoonful of nitroglycerine, and season with a quart of the very best Bacardi, Made in Havana, and so's your old man.

At any rate, you may be assured if we at 105th Street succeed in breaking any windows, we're going to break them on the level. We're not going to sneak up in the dead of night and smash them with a hammer and then tell people the next day it was the dynamite. (Applause and some booing. Cries of "That's right, you tell 'em kid!" and "For shame!") No, we're not sour grapes up at 105th and we're not bum sports either. We'll show them yet who can break the most windows.

My boys were pleased as punch (any good punch will do) when we were awarded the prize for the first taxicab captured. We were caught off guard, too, you might say, because we didn't expect to bag any cabs until we had the excavation about thirty feet deep. At the time the catch was made, the trap was only fifteen feet deep and it was really a miracle the cab didn't escape. A good deal of the credit for the catch must go to George Wanger, our alert night watchman, who was asleep at the time the cab took the bait. Wanger played with the cab for

fully an hour and a half before it was finally landed, and when we got there he was in a state of utter exhaustion.

In falling into the trap, the taxicab hurt its front axle, and for a time we thought we'd have to shoot it, which was most unfortunate, because it was a particularly fine specimen. It was a male Luxor, bedecked with all the magnificent plumage of that most gorgeous species. There was the rich purple breast, with the mauve radiator, and the maroon wheels. The tail-light was red and various multi-colored lights bedecked the wings and head. The chauffeur was white, with black hands and neck. We learned later from Mrs. Maud Fetterdetsch, tester of police whistles, who saw the whole thing from her window, that the Luxor, evidently amorously inclined, was in full pursuit of a coquettish Yellow taxicab when he fell into the trap.

It was just toward the close of the taxicab mating season.

I didn't want to lose the Luxor, because we only have one other in our collection, so I got the three best doctors I could find to pass on its condition. At 10 o'clock they issued the following bulletin:

"His Majesty the King passed a restful night and died, greatly improved in condition, at nine A.M.

to-day. How are you all? We are all well here. Love.

"Fitch
"Abercrombie
"Bayliss"

So we broke the other axle, and called it square, and the Luxor is now in our menagerie, apparently completely undisturbed at having been thus rudely snatched from its wild state. George is breaking it in for an act with a Yellow and a Twentieth Century. They come on, and when the band goes "Ta-daaaaaa!" they all rise on their hind wheels and George, in a red Hussar's uniform, stands on the tonneau of one of them and unfurls an American flag and the flag of some free country, to be determined later. Then the close is where George comes out as a traffic cop and holds up his hand and they run over him. It's a sure-fire hit.

THE COSTUME BALLS

A Composite Report of the Season

The Beaux Arts Ball or the Fakirs or the Kit Kat —or whatever it was—took place last night in the grand ballroom of some building whose identity could not be ascertained this morning. It was a riot of color. There were also several other riots, which however were promptly quelled by the quelling squad from the West Forty-seventh Street station, comprising Sergeant Joe Hennessey, chief queller; Sergeant Dominic Bastabione, assistant chief queller, and sub-quellers Davidson, McGobb, O'Shaughnessy, Murtaugh, Gidge and Weebish.

The building will recover, it was said this afternoon at Bellevue.

Sergeant Hennessey came as Louis XIV. He wore a costume said to have cost $6,500. Sergeant Bastabione came as Louis XIV, but Patrolman McGobb, Murtaugh, Gidge, and Weebish, were costumed as Louis XIV. Condé Nast came as Louis XIV, and in striking contrast to Mr. Nast was Whitney Warren, who wore a magnificent costume of satin and jewels, as Louis XIV.

The pageant at this year's fete was "Washington Crossing the Delaware and Hudson" and the com-

mittee on decoration, comprising Frank Crowninshield, Charles Dana Gibson, Oakley T. Oakley, Frank Crowninshield, Alfred Meddie, Herbert Bayard Swope, Neysa McMein, Condé Nast, Frank Crowninshield, Terwilliger Hepstone, Charles Dana Gibson, Major General Summerall, Neysa McMein and Frank Crowninshield, had transformed the spacious room into a veritable reproduction of the famous lawns in front of the Houses of Parliament. In the background, flanked by the American and French national anthems, stood the Houses of Parliament, which were portrayed by William H. (Big Bill) Edwards. Robert E. Sherwood took the part of the Washington Monument, which could be seen in the distance on a clear day. Mr. Edwards was costumed as Louis XIV and Mr. Sherwood was dressed as Louis XIV, King of France, Emperor of the Sahara and Le Grand Monarque.

Society attended en masse. Mrs. Ellridge McW. McWeedum came as Louis XIV. She wore the customary powdered wig, bobbed after the fashion of the period, and a gown of genuine crystal trimmed with window shades which were pulled down. Mrs. May McWeedum Gansevoort, third wife of E. McW. McWeedum, also came as Louis XIV. *On dit* that the third Mrs. McWeedum heard at the last moment that her successor in the affections of that ever-popular bachelor, Mr. McWeedum was going

as Louis XIV, and so decided, as a prank, to go as the same Louis XIV, only in a costume that would make the fourth Mrs. McWeedum feel like thirty cents. She wore a gown of simple plate glass, with blue velvet curtains and no shades. On seeing her rival, the other Mrs. McWeedum was exceedingly angry and caused quite a scene when she made the master of ceremonies mount the platform and announce that the Louis XIV represented by her was in no way connected with the Louis XIV represented by the other Mrs. McWeedum.

Among the prettiest of the débutantes present was Mrs. Hawthorne, grandmother of the Duchess of Margate, she that was Cornelia Hawthorne-Hawthorne. The dowager Mrs. Hawthorne's costume was the sensation of the ball. She came as Mary Queen of Scots from the neck up. From the neck to the waist she was Madame de Maintenon. From the waist to the knees she was Paul Revere. One leg came as Ninon de l'Enclos, and the other leg was the Lost Dauphin. Her shoes, done in the modern Gothic style, represented the advance in modes of canal transportation from the time of 1817, when Mrs. Hawthorne opened the Erie Canal by breaking a bottle of champagne on Governor Dewitt Clinton's bow, to the Panama Canal, which she opened nearly a hundred years later by breaking the mate to the first bottle on President Roosevelt's bow.

Mrs. Hawthorne was awarded first prize, a safety razor and a pair of cuffs, by the committee on awards, which consisted of Whitney Warren, Condé Nast, Ambrose Glutz, Frank Crowninshield, Neysa McMein, Whitney Warren, Condé Nast, Neysa McMein and the late Dr. Elwood Speering, author of "Why Human Beings Behave Like Damn Fools."

Promptly at three o'clock there was a fanfare of trumpets and the usual scrap between a Yale and Princeton student and some other fellow was announced. This year's scrap was between a Yale sophomore named Joie and a maker of cloaks and suits who described himself as Isidore Wimberg. The fight this year was over a Follies girl named Yvonne. Isidore Wimberg protested that he had found Yvonne in a box. He said she had no collar, license tag or other fixture which would enable him to identify her. He added that he had watched the papers for some announcement of a reward for returning her.

"Girls make wonderful pets about the house," he explained. "It's hard to teach them tricks, but they're very affectionate."

Joie, the Yale student, claimed that Yvonne had come with him and that he had left her beneath a chair in the box while he went out to pick a bunch of fresh fights for the vase in the parlor. Joie was costumed as Louis XIV, in black evening clothes,

with a red sash around his waist. Wimberg had come in a raccoon coat as A Student at Yale.

During the fight, a Mr. Harold Virium, Princeton '27, departed with Yvonne. Mr. Virium, disdaining all pretense, just came as himself—democratic, plain old Harold Virium, Princeton '27.

At three-thirty a Miss Cixey of Dallas, here studying music, finished her second gulp of warm rye from a hip-pocket flask and was carried out, not protesting very much. She'll be all right in a few minutes.

Five minutes later, Tom Diddy, Harvard fullback, and recently voted the handsomest man in his class, approached aristocratic Mrs. Mellinger van Imbringham, and putting his arm around her $12,000,000 waist (which her father had imported brick by brick from Europe) drew her roughly to him.

One minute later Mrs. van Imbringham and Mr. Diddy were introduced formally by an old acquaintance neither one of them had ever laid eyes on before.

The committee on Tom Diddy and Mrs. van Imbringham to which much of the credit for the success of the affair should go, consisted of Samuel Untermyer, Max D. Steuer, Charles E. Hughes, Otto H. Kahn, the President of the New York Academy of Medicine, ex-officio, and Rear Admiral Charles Plunkett.

Rear Admiral Plunkett came as Louis XIV.

ON DAYLIGHT SLEEPING

Coming home these mornings at 6 o'clock or thereabouts I am made a little sad by noticing the increasingly large numbers of people who are up at that hour and who—they ought to be ashamed of themselves—are apparently on their way to work. You can tell they are. Their faces have been freshly washed. Their eyes are bright and alert. Often they wear blue shirts and carry dinner pails as they step briskly along. They look as if they had had a good night's sleep.

Now, 6 o'clock in the morning is no time of the day to be up unless you are coming home. Yet these people seem very cheerful and even proud about it. One of them came up to me the other morning.

"Son," said he, "I don't know you from Adam, but you ought to take care of yourself. You look bad. You've been out all night. Your eyes are sunk in your head. You look mottled, as though you had been eating lobster a la Newburgh with ice-cream chasers. Remember what old Ben Franklin said, 'Early to bed and early to' "——

But he got no further. I slapped him down.

More depressing than these workers, though, was the sight of numbers of people in the park, walking

or riding about like mad. These people were well dressed. You could tell by the way they scattered gold pieces to the park attendants that they were people of means.

They were not like the others, whom circumstances forced to work at such unearthly hours. Obviously, they could just as well as not loll abed until noon. I asked several of them why they were abroad at that hour if they were not dissipating, as people of their wealth and social position should have been. They said they were exercising. The traitors! It enraged me so that I ordered them deported and confiscated their estates.

There is a more serious problem here than we think. You may remember that Prohibition started in as a little drop of water. Now there are hundreds who advocate it. It is perfectly possible to imagine that in the course of ten or twenty years it will be against the law to sleep after 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning.

What will then become of a person who has mastered the art of daylight sleeping only after years of careful training and earnest effort?

In my own case I know it was most difficult after I had once allowed myself to sleep at night. There was always the temptation to be up at dawn and out in the garden weeding the onions. We had a garden of about one acre, of which four acres were planted

with onions, except the year I planted the onions and put them in upside down. I craved onion weeding and father often had to threaten me with punishment if I did not let the weeds alone.

"There's something rather appealing in the way they struggle, so perseveringly against odds," he told me. "Always be kind to weeds, my boy."

I always have.

Likewise, I was forever jumping out of bed to chop wood or bring up coal for my mother. With tears in her eyes she used to come to my room mornings and plead with me.

"Don't get up," she would beg. "It's only a quarter to 9 and I don't want you to spoil your record by not being late for school. Never mind the coal and wood. Your little sister will take care of that."

Later, when I became a printer's—ah—demon, I used to sneak to work at 6 in the morning to sit alone there in the composing room fondling the little ems which, to me at that time, represented the unit of power that lay behind the great power of the Fourth Estate.

"How many times," the boss would scold when he arrived and found me there, "have I told you not to come to work on time? Boy, if you are to be successful you must learn to sleep by day and prowl by night. Anybody can sleep at night, but it takes

a man to sleep by day and stay awake at night when the stars peer knowingly down upon the black world and the swish of the witches' brooms sounds through the pine woods."

In the years that followed I worked hard to overcome the habit of night sleeping. And there was, indeed, joy in the house when I returned from a friend's bachelor dinner and slept for three days. That encouraged me so much that I entered the tri-State competition and to the intense joy of my fellow townsmen won the title of champion daylight sleeper by sleeping through a performance of one of Wagner's loudest operas—I think it was "Tannhauser." I was the town hero. But I saw that there was no future in daylight sleeping there. I had mastered my art and I knew I was ready for New York.

The metropolis brought new triumphs. It is true that some jealous rivals have stated that once, when a man was murdering a woman beneath my window, I did wake up. But I immediately went back to sleep, which any jury of fair-minded men will admit was an even greater feat than if I had stayed asleep. The day the apartment caught fire and my bed was burning the firemen awoke me and removed me by force. I claimed a foul there. I could have slept through that easily.

A good many people have asked what I consider

my greatest sleeping triumph. I should say offhand that it was the morning the leak from the hot water pipe over my bed dripped on me from 9 until noon. I slept through that, but never expect to equal the feat.

To date I am able to sleep successfully from 5 o'clock in the morning until noon, through the following noises, alarums and other perturbations:

The milkman delivering his wares.

The janitor banging on the steam pipes.

The janitor's wife shoveling coal.

The janitor's son, Moe, banging empty garbage cans in the courtyard.

The doctor's baby across the court having his morning yowl.

The children from the orphan asylum across the street shrieking their way to school.

The family pup barking for five minutes every time the doorbell rings.

All noises made by street cars, automobiles, vans, drays, lorries, trucks, pushcarts, wagons, baby carriages or other vehicular traffic.

All noises made by riveters, steam shovels, peevish foremen, bricklayers, plasterers or other persons or mechanisms engaged in the construction or demolition of any house, apartment, loft, garage or skyscraper.

All noises made by the ole clo' men, scissors grinders, banana peddlers or fishmongers.

The old gentleman with the foghorn voice who sings "Little Annie Rooney" in the courtyard.

All other forms of music, including hand organs, mandolins, violins, cornets, saxophones, pianos, radios, talking machines, German bands and symphony orchestras.

All telephone calls from the city editor of *The World* suggesting morning assignments.

ON BRIDES (JUNE)

THE following is the full text of the address delivered at Station WOR last evening by the visiting rector of this column. Nobody gives a darn about the full text of the address delivered at Station WOR last night by the visiting rector of this column, but, for that matter, nobody gave a darn about the full text of the address delivered by President Coolidge at the Norse Centennial the other day, yet many papers printed it, and President Coolidge doesn't have to fill a column every day, either.

The full text:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I'm in a sort of pickle to-night and I've decided the best way out is to tell you the whole truth, make a clean breast of things and confess all. Last Monday I suddenly remembered I was to talk here to-night on June Brides. I had a heavy wash on my hands, and Tuesday was ironing day, so I knew I'd have no time to get up any formal thesis on June brides. (Applause.)

Fortunately, there's a chap living around the corner from me who writes speeches for people when they haven't got time to do them themselves. I believe Mayor Hylan gave him his start. He's quite

a talented chap, this fellow is. He runs a delicatessen store, sells gin for $2.50 a quart and then, in his spare time, writes these speeches.

I called him. "Moe," said I, "I'm in a jam. I'm due for a speech Wednesday night at WOR, on June Brides, and I can't write it myself because the wife is over at the Monday Opera Club playing stud with a couple of Grand Duchesses and I've got to do the wash. Can you fix me up something?" (Prolonged applause.)

He said "Sure," and I thought no more of it until this afternoon, when the speech came over, nicely typewritten. I opened it and started to read it. It sounded very odd, I must say. For instance, one sentence read: "These pests usually appear in June and are very large and brown." Well, that gave me a turn. Think of calling a nice June bride a pest! Of course, there's no reason in the world why a given June bride couldn't be large and brown, but certainly not every June bride is large and brown. At least none of the June brides I have married have been brown.

"If you want to get rid of them," said Moe, in the speech, "Paris green is excellent." I said to myself when I read that part: "This is pretty high-handed stuff. I guess Moe must be off his nut as a result of the heat wave."

Then I happened to look at the title of the speech,

and it was JUNE BUGS! (Great applause and laughter.)

Talking over the telephone Monday the wire was very bad, and Moe had misunderstood me. He thought I told him to write a speech on June Bugs, instead of June Brides. I've complained about that wire to the telephone company over and over again and it does no good. I'd give up the party line altogether, only we've got so attached to it.

So I guess we'll have to let Moe go to the deuce for to-night, anyhow, although he really writes a grand speech, and I'd love to have had you hear one of them. I'm really sorry I haven't got a nice bunch of statistics for you about the 1925 crop of June brides. What I intended to do originally was to get away from the usual silly sentimental stuff spilled about the June bride and give you a good, hard, business man's talk, right from the shoulder, about the June bride question.

Are they a menace to the country? Are they worth the price they cost us? What becomes of them when it gets to be July and August? Those were questions I wanted to answer for you to-night. (Prolonged applause; cries of "Throw him out!")

Personally, Madame Chairman, Dr. Watson and friends, I do not think the June bride is a menace to our American institutions. I think she could be

improved on in a great many ways, but none of us are (or should I say, is?) perfect. I think June brides are all right if you know how to take them. A man undoubtedly makes a great mistake when he takes more than one June bride in any one June. A man should be able to take them or leave them alone. (Cries of "Where were you during the war?")

I myself have always preferred the August bride. I think—let me see—I believe only three of my brides have been what you might really call June brides. When I married my eighth wife the ceremony started at 11.56 o'clock on the night of June 30, because we had met only a few hours previously, and Mary did so want to be a June bride before it was too late. But the clergyman stuttered quite badly, so that it was 12.04 on the morning of July 1 when we were pronounced man and wife. She always claimed she was a June bride, but I always said she was half July. We fought a good deal about it, and I finally got such a headache from it that I traded Mary in for a Buick.

There is no doubt in my mind, however, that the August bride is a little better quality than the June bride, especially since the war. I don't think you get the June brides now that you did before Prohibition, do you? October brides are very nice. I like them stewed. (Cheers, applause.)

There's one other little thing about a June bride, and that's a June bridegroom. Why don't they let the bridegroom come to the weddings? I've been to 587 June weddings since Thaw shot White and I've only been able to find the bridegroom at fourteen of them. Where does he hide? You have an elaborate wedding with a church, a red and white awning, limousines, peanut butter sandwiches, and orange blossoms—whole gallons of them—and a bride and all the bride's relatives, but nobody can ever locate the bridegroom. Somebody gives the bride away, but I never saw anybody give the bridegroom away, and I am told by my good friend, the Archbishop of Canterbury, that this is probably because nobody would take the bridegroom even as a gift. (Great applause. Cries of "Liar!")

I'd like to find out something else. What becomes of all the June brides of yesteryear? Where, for instance, is that particularly lovely crop of June brides that was hanging around the churches, if memory serves me, in 1923? I suppose a 1923 June bride is just about as much use now as a 1922 calendar, unless she's had spunk enough to keep up with the times and change husbands every June. (Riotous applause. Cries of "Banana Oil!")

I'm sorry I haven't been able to give you more constructive information about June brides. I see now that all I've been doing is ask you questions. I

apologize, and if any of you folks find out the answers to any of the things I've been asking, will you send the answer, together with $10.47, to my office? Thank you so much. (Cheers, laughter, prolonged applause.)

AN INTERESTING CURE

Coming down on the subway last Tuesday, as I sometimes do on alternate Tuesdays, I noticed a man sitting on the seat opposite who appeared to be in a high state of nervous excitement. He was staring wide-eyed at one of the advertising cards in the car. I took my stethoscope and rushed over to him.

He was about five feet ten inches in height and just a bit bald. I said he was bald and I still maintain he was bald, but a Mrs. Maria M. Sturgeon, sixty-seven, of No. 2 Grand Concourse, who sat nearby, said he was not bald.

"I know baldness when I see it," said Mrs. Sturgeon. "All our family is bald. Early piety, Grandma Finch used to say it was. My Fred was bald when he was twenty-two, but Uncle Homer always likes sugar on his tomatoes. Now this gentleman is not bald. He just has a high forehead."

I said that it was not a case of high forehead. I have treated plenty of cases of high forehead in my twenty years of practice, and I know a high forehead when I see one. This was a clear case of baldness. I said so, and I didn't care who heard me.

The patient, whom we shall call Mr. X., was

forty-four, and one of ten or fifteen children. His maternal grandfather had fought in the Civil War and after going through two battles developed a pronounced case of ennui and left the army. The patient's mother had suffered from Hodgkin's disease, Potts's disease, Alexander F. Detwiller's disease, and had been tapped for Riggs's disease, but did not join.

The patient's retina reacted favorably to light. He had had the usual children's diseases: measles when he was thirty-seven, scarlatina when he was thirty-eight and whooping-cough when he was forty, but he had never had chicken pox, although his son, Alvah, now going on thirteen and smart as a whip, had had chicken pox when he was five and once again, for good measure, when he was eight.

"You ought to see that kid," said Mr. X. "He's into everything. He has a radio and gets Davenport, Ia., on it every night. He got a hundred in geography seven months running last year. He's about four feet ten inches in height, light brown, curly hair, freckles, all his front teeth out, and when last seen wore a blue cotton shirt, patched brown pants and no shoes or stockings."

"Well, I wouldn't be too much alarmed about my condition, if I were you," I told the patient. "I can tell you definitely, without even a detailed examination, that your condition is not serious. You are a

trifle neurasthenic, perhaps. You know, America is getting to be a land of neurasthenics. It's the pace we set ourselves—jazz, money-madness, modern hooch, and that sort of thing. Americans, too, are prone to worry. Now, you think that the morbid sensations you experience are peculiar to yourself. My dear man," I told him, adjusting my glasses, "there are many like you. Many come to me who are in far greater difficulty than you," I told him, adjusting his necktie. "That man you saw just leaving the train at 14th Street is a tugboat captain, and do you know the phobia I am treating him for? He's afraid of sharp instruments. In the medical world we have a term for that phobia. We call it being afraid of sharp instruments.

"I am treating another man who is mortally afraid of closed places, such as the subway, the tubes or a crowded theater. We call that claustrophobia, for lack of a better name. Isn't it remarkable how far medical science has progressed? Now, another very common fear is the fear of insanity. What makes you think you are going crazy?"

He pointed a shaking hand at a car advertisement telling about the virtues of a certain collar.

"It will not wilt, shrink, crack or wrinkle," proclaimed the ad.

"Yes," I said, sympathetically, adjusting my suspenders, "what about it?"

"It's got me," he moaned. "I can't say it. Oh, my God, I can't say it! Take me away."

"Tut, my dear man," I assured him. "You can say it, of course you can. You simply have a psycho-neurosis. You have panic hysteria. You must have regular exercise, plenty of good, plain food, and eight hours' sleep at night. Now try and say it."

"It—it will not wilt, crink, wack or shrinkle," he said, and with a cry of despair flung his head into his arms.

"Come now, again," I urged.

"It's no use," he cried, "I've been trying to do it all the way down from Dyckman Street and I can't."

"Oh, now, be yourself!" I encouraged him. "Ready now. One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready and four to—GO!"

"It will not wilt, kink, shack or winkle," he cried, and burst into a flood of tears.

It was a rather strange case. I asked him what dreams he had dreamed the preceding night. He said he hadn't slept. I saw that he had a marked Œdipus fixation. I thought I saw a way to help him. I would set an example for him, and leave the rest to suggestion. Suggestion is very powerful.

"Listen to me," I told him, "and learn how perfectly simple the whole thing is, when you have rid yourself of your inhibitions."

I continued in a firm tone: "It will not wink, shink, wack or crinkle."

Odd, I thought, but due, of course, to the power of suggestion. He had actually communicated a bit of his hysteria to me.

"Pardon me, my error," I told him, "I'll try again. It will not wilt, kink, wack or shinkle."

Damn!

A faint smile played about Mr. X's mouth. His pulse was much better, his respiration was normal, and his humidity had sunk to three-thirty. He was able to partake of a little custard, a glass of sherry and egg, and a planked steak or two.

"Now I'm going to try again," I told him, briskly, "and this time watch me get it."

But I didn't.

Mr X. was laughing heartily now, and appeared to be in a greatly improved frame of mind. His disorientation ceased and he remembered being in Washington at Harding's inauguration.

"Why, it's a cinch," he told me. "All you have to do is to get rid of your psychoneurosis, and just read plain English. Listen: It will not wilt, shrink, crack or wrinkle."

I was delighted. The man was cured. The passengers crowded about me, shaking my hand. Several lifted me to their shoulders and began singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" but my head got

caught in one of the fans, and when I came to it was midnight, and we were at 242d Street and Van Cortlandt Park. Somebody had lifted my watch-chain, Sunday school medals and my $1.40 pin money for the week. I consider the cure of Mr. X. one of the great triumphs of my career.

MR. AMERICA

THE Mr. America contest took on a very different aspect yesterday with the arrival, by the October stage, of the news from Manchester, New Hampshire, that Winford S. Turner, recently named Mr. America, has been the only entrant in the contest which he won.

We hadn't known that down here. It changes everything. The contest is reopened. This department hereby nominates its candidate, Mr. Cyril Swansdowne, a snapshot of whom appears herewith. The snapshot was taken during the Vanderbilt-Church nuptials last summer. The nuptials took place at Newport. The snapshot was taken at Amsterdam, New York.

When it was announced that Mr. Turner had won the contest every one here naturally thought he had battled his way to supremacy through hundreds of handsome rivals, but, according to the dispatches from Manchester, the contest took place at a field day given there last month by the Manchester doctors and lawyers and Mr. Turner was the only entry, so the laurels went to him, ipso facto.

Manifestly, such a momentous title as that of Mr. America cannot be thus lightly bandied. It

certainly cannot be awarded to any man by default. Mr. Turner must defend his title if he wishes to retain it.

Our candidate, Mr. Swansdowne, is twelve years old, having been born on February 29, Leap Year, 1880. He was born in Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and points west, on the Twentieth Century Limited.

He has real light hair, especially on top. He has a keen wit, which was illustrated only yesterday. Jimmy Walker, Mark Twain, Secretary Mellon, Nellie Melba and Mr. Swansdowne met at the corner of Delancey and Rivington Streets and started talking.

"What's good to keep falling hair in, Cyril?" asked Mark, in his famous drawl.

Preserving that sober countenance which is always the test of your true wit, Swansdowne instantly replied: "Some kind of a box."

Laughing heartily, Mr. Twain said: "Everybody is always complaining about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it."

Swansdowne came to New York two years ago and got work in a candy factory dusting marshmallows. He soon contracted the terrible marshmallow-dust poisoning which inevitably attacks those who engage in this hazardous business, and his doctor ordered him away.

"Away!" was what his doctor said.

Placed upon his own resources, Swansdowne conceived the happy idea of gilding the derbies used by saxophone players in jazz orchestras, and has made quite a fortune.

His measurements are, roughly speaking, as follows:

Height—Five feet eight inches contracted, five feet ten inches expanded.

Mother's height—Five feet two inches, but she dyes her hair and doesn't look a day over seventy-nine.

Starting time—2.25 P.M.

Wrist—With watch, fifteen inches; without watch, eight inches.

Neck—Thirty-six inches expanded, thirty-two contracted.

Chief natural products—Coal, coke, iron, cotton, lemons.

OCTOBER 23.

CYRIL SWANSDOWNE, this department's candidate for the title of Mr. America, spent a busy day yesterday receiving congratulations and all sorts of things on his nomination.

He awoke soon after 8 o'clock, looked at his watch, muttered "O-au-owa-o-o-om" in a sleepy tone, and went back to sleep.

At 10 o'clock Mr. Swansdowne definitely arose, stretched, yawned, stuck his two feet out of bed and, in fumbling for his carpet slippers, stepped on his military brush, which had fallen from the dresser during the night and landed bristly side up.

(The full text of Mr. Swansdowne's remarks on stepping on military brushes, bristly side up, will be found on Page 8, Columns 1 and 2.)

He then donned his purple velvet dressing-gown and, inserting his hands in the pockets, found that his sister Letitia's baby, Freddy, who is only two but can raise more hell than if he were eight, had roguishly filled the pockets with pancake batter.

(The full text of Mr. Swansdowne's remarks on finding the pockets of his purple velvet dressing-gown filled with pancake batter will be found on Page 8, Columns 3 and 4.)

Mr. Swansdowne then pushed a button which opened the Seventeenth Annual International Exposition of the Society of American-Norwegian Bee Fanciers in Horticultural Hall, Omaha, Nebraska. He then pushed another button which was supposed to connect him with Room Service, but did not.

(The full text of Mr. Swansdowne's remarks on the failure of buttons to connect one with Room Service will be found on Page 8, Columns 5 and 6.)

Mr. Swansdowne then gargled, rubbed tonic in his hair, yawned, stretched, and prepared to shave, but

found that his sister Letitia had used all his blades for cutting basting threads.

(The full text of Mr. Swansdowne's remarks on the use of his razor blades by his sister Letitia for the purpose of cutting basting threads will be found on Page 9, Columns 1 and 2.)

Then, noticing that there was no heat in the room, Mr. Swansdowne pushed a button which was supposed to summon the landlord, but which failed to do so. Mr. Swansdowne immediately accepted an invitation to throw out the first landlord in the Ninth Annual Throwing of Landlords to the Lions, at the Coliseum next Thursday, admission by card (ace of clubs) only.

Then Mr. Swansdowne, divesting himself to the altogether, entered his shower and pulled the rope for the sort of water known, for lack of a better name, as "cold." He then found that his sister Letitia's baby, Freddy, who although but two years is already something of a plumber, had in a playful moment changed the plug marked "cold" to the faucet marked "hot." Somewhat scalded, Mr. Swansdowne jumped from the shower and heard the front door bell ringing. Answering the door bell, Mr. Swansdowne threw out the first book agent of the day.

(The full text of Mr. Swansdowne's remarks on little babies who tinker with plumbing and on book

agents who call at 10 A.M. will be found on Page 9, Columns 3 and 4.)

Then Mr. Swansdowne called it a day and went back to bed with a nervous chill and hysteria.

Nothing has been heard from Winford S. Turner of Nashua, N. H., whose right to the title of Mr. America is being challenged by our candidate.

OCTOBER 26.

In a ringing speech before a large assemblage either last night or the night before—the papers don't say which—Cyril Swansdowne (D., N. Y.), this department's candidate for Mr. America, paid his respects to his opponent, W. S. Turner, (R., N. H.), charging that Turner's chest measures 39½ inches expanded instead of 40, as stated. Swansdowne challenged Turner to come to New York and debate about something at Carnegie Hall.

Swansdowne also came out flat-footed for larger waists for men, a shrewd move, according to shrewd political observers, because it will swing the entire stout man's vote to him. This declaration, which created something of a stir in the audience, came after a heckler had arisen in his seat and heckled Mr. Swansdowne.

At this point other hecklers suddenly sprang up all over the hall and they presented a truly colorful sight, with their poppy-red petals and green stamens

bobbing fitfully in the breeze that swept the blue October sky. From all parts of the hall there came cries of "What about Saklatvala?" "What about Senator Lodge's memoirs?" "What about the question of garbage disposal?"

Ignoring the questions, Mr. Swansdowne continued:

"Ladies, gentlemen, Mr. Chairman and Mayor Shanks, my worthy opponent has seen fit to take my waistline as a subject for levity. He declared, in a speech in the first grade at No. 4 School in Marblehead, Mass., last Tuesday, that my waist is thirty-nine. Ladies, gentlemen, Judge Gary, I denounce that statement as a misstatement of fact. My waist measure is forty-one. I had hoped to keep this campaign sweet and clean, but, ladies, gentlemen and Chief Magistrate McAdoo, if my worthy opponent wants to get rough he will find in me an opponent not unworthy, shall I say, of his roughness."

Mr. Swansdowne appeared at the hall dressed in the beard he wears as an honorary member of the House of David. The accompanying photograph shows Mr. Swansdowne and a part of the beard, which, owing to lack of space could not be included to-day in its entirety. The remainder of the beard, however, will be displayed in next Sunday's rotogravure, which will, in addition, contain a number

of sensational and diverting features. Order your copy from your newsdealer now.

OCTOBER 27.

Cyril Swansdowne, this department's candidate for Mr. America, yesterday addressed for the seventeenth time the following set of questions to Winford S. Turner of Nashua, N. H., his opponent in the race:

Will you run independently if you are defeated in the race for the Mr. America title?

Do you take one lump or two?

Did you vote "Yes" or "No" on the woolen schedule in the Dingley tariff?

Did you or did you not state in the presence of the witness Ramford that you saw defendant running from the scene of the crime with a corkscrew in his hand?

Will you stop that noise?

Are you subject to measles? Mumps? Chickenpox? Scarlet fever? Mitral regurgitation? Feeling of depression on arising in the morning? Feeling of impending calamity?

Have you ever been insured before?

Did you, or did you not, in a conversation with Theodore P. Shonts, in a stalled elevator in Corona subway December 24, 1913, wish Mr. Shonts a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"?

How much income tax did you pay in 1923?

How much didn't you pay?

Mr. Turner did not reply to the questionnaire, but his manager, Lorenzo Wipple, issued the following statement in reply to Mr. Swansdowne's charges:

"We are deeply gratified at the news from Locarno. The pact is undoubtedly a step forward, but we question Senator Borah's wisdom in championing the cause of Mrs. Karolyi. America has enough mouths to feed this winter, and, as every one knows, Mrs. Karolyi is a heavy eater. We feel that the complaint of the farmer in the mid-West, while entirely justified, is unreasonable and without basic in logic or fact. We hope he chokes. June Walker's performance is a fine, glamorous, shining thing, but Chauncey Olcott seemed to us to be only adequate."

Mr. Swansdowne, on being shown the statement of Mr. Turner's manager, said:

"His evasions of the issue remind me of the story about the two Irishmen, Moe and Ike. It seems there were two Irishmen, Moe and Ike. 'Johnny, spell "cat,"' said the teacher. 'C-A-T,' replied Johnny, instantly. 'Very good, Johnny,' said the teacher. 'Very good,' replied Johnny instantly. 'It's perfect.'"

Swansdowne spent yesterday campaigning on the lower east side. His friends are telling of an alleged incident which, according to the police, illus-

trates his apt wit and ready presence of mind in emergencies. As the automobile containing Mr. Swansdowne and his party, which included Dudley Field Malone, Samuel Untermyer, Helen Varick Boswell and Joseph P. Day, was crossing Rivington Street, another automobile containing Morris Gest, Senator Underwood, Vincent Astor and Lady Mary Cambridge, came down a street running at right angles and nearly collided with the Swansdowne party.

Instantly Mr. Gest hurled the following at Mr. Swansdowne, who was driving:

"Why don't you look where you're going?" "Why don't you go where you're looking," retorted Mr. Swansdowne, and all broke into a laugh, thus relieving a very tense situation.

OCTOBER 28.

Cyril Swansdowne, this department's candidate for Mr. America, yesterday gave his unqualified indorsement to the proclamation of President Coolidge setting Thursday, November 26, as Thanksgiving Day.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken," said Mr. Swansdowne, in an address before the electors of the Hall of Fame, last night, "we have, in Calvin Coolidge, one of the most promising writers of Thanksgiving proclamations this country has yet produced.

"I say this advisedly. It is true that Michael Arlen has invaded this field of literature with more or less success, but Arlen, we must remember, is not an American, and I am inclined to think he is a writer who has tickled the fancy of the multitude for the moment, like Shakespeare, Mark Twain, Conrad, Molière and a dozen other ships that have passed in the night."

Mr. Swansdowne proceeded to enumerate the qualities in which, according to him, President Coolidge "has it on" Arlen, Artemas Ward, Richard E. Enright and other contemporary writers.

"I like his restraint," he concluded, "I like his cleanliness of mind. True, he might well have avoided the phrase 'our commerce spreads over the world,' which he uses in his second paragraph, and which smacks a bit too much of the Rabelaisian. But he is, on the whole, sane and healthy. I like the simple, direct way he approaches his problem. He beats around nobody's bush.

"'Now, therefore, I, Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, do hereby set apart Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next as a day of general thanksgiving,' is what he says, and there you have it. How long would it have taken Henry James to say that much? Or Arlen? Fancy Arlen trying to attain Coolidge's simplicity—'and so, the world being what it is, and we being what we are,

and the twenty-sixth day of November being the twenty-sixth day of November. . . .'"

Mr. Swansdowne put in another busy day yesterday. He spent the morning drawing up the ultimatum which he sent to Greece and Bulgaria, warning them of a blockade if they did not cease hostilities by to-morrow. He gave up his lunch hour and spent it conferring with people on the soft coal situation. At the close of this conference he sent an ultimatum to the soft coal operators declaring that they must harden their coal by to-morrow or suffer the consequences.

OCTOBER 29.

IMMEDIATE measures for the relief of J. B. Taylor of Atlanta, Ga., were strongly recommended yesterday by Cyril Swansdowne, this department's candidate for Mr. America, after a conference with his second cousin, Lottie Wackmeyer of Sioux Falls, who is on here for a week buying the fall and winter stock for Ye Elite Butcher Shoppe, of which she is manager and part owner.

J. B. Taylor is the Atlanta man who, according to dispatches from Georgia, fell asleep last night in a bed of fresh, soft concrete. The weather turned cold during the night, the concrete hardened and Mr. Taylor is still in bed, although he was never one to need more than six hours' sleep.

"Details concerning the situation are as yet meager," said Mr. Swansdowne last night. "Communication with the entire South has, of course, been materially interrupted by the Civil War. I, for instance, haven't had a word from Gen. Beauregard since Fort Sumter was fired on, and I'm beginning to get worried, because he was always regular about writing.

"All we have at present is the bare announcement that Mr. Taylor is imprisoned in the soft mortar. They haven't even stated what the initials 'J. B.' in his name stand for, and fears have been expressed that they may stand for 'Jethro Beowulf.' But I doubt it. We don't know whether Mr. Taylor is caught in a mortar of concrete, or whether it was a sidewalk he went to sleep on. If the former is the case, we may be able to do something, but if he is embedded in a sidewalk, he will inevitably be stepped on sooner or later, because traffic conditions in Atlanta are, I understand, quite congested in the district in question.

"If it is true that he is embedded in the sidewalk, then we may safely assume that he is lying face up, because the records show that Mr. Taylor has always slept on his back.

"In that case, with traffic of all sorts constantly passing over him, his face is naturally bound to suffer in the long run, because even in this day and age,

when science has seemingly solved most of the problems of existence, no method has yet been devised of walking over a man's face repeatedly without bending his nose.

"There is no need for worry, however. I have everything under control and have directed that efforts be made to release Mr. Taylor at the very first sign of a thaw next spring. Of course it is too cold now to do anything until spring on account of the equinoctial storms and people doing their Christmas shopping early, and all that sort of thing. Mr. Taylor's friends, however, may rest assured that every step will be taken to make him comfortable during his involuntary confinement. The Red Cross has already sent out from Washington a carload of flour and a carload of old pants to relieve the situation.

"I am sending Mr. Taylor a Hallowe'en postcard, all my back numbers of *Youth's Companion* and a book of crossword puzzles."

Mr. Swansdowne also acted yesterday in the case of the four armed bandits who raided a meeting of the Bronx Trading Corporation and robbed twenty-eight members of $15,000. Mr. Swansdowne sent an ultimatum to the four armed bandits telling them in no unmistakable terms that this sort of thing is not going to be tolerated and asking them if they could spare $10 until next Tuesday.

THE POLITE TAXI DRIVER

OCTOBER 30.

"I AM taking the liberty of notifying you officially that October 31 the red-blooded public servants who drive our taxicabs in New York will celebrate Courtesy Day," writes Nathan T. Zalinsky, counsel on public relations of the Service Association (Jacob H. Bergman, President; Julius S. Berg, Secretary; Sam Davis, Treasurer).

"The taxicab driver is as much a public servant as you who write for the public, and once and for all this association wants to show the public that the taxicab driver always tries to please the public, and above all he is very courteous.

"I am appealing to you to give us a good break about this Courtesy Day and if by any means you happen to ride in a cab on that day and get bawled out by the driver, get his number and I will buy you a new lid. With kindest regards and best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, &c., &c."

We accept Mr. Smolinsky's challenge. This department is going to find out if taxicab chauffeurs

really intend to be courteous to-morrow, or whether this is just bluff and a publicity scheme.

Shortly after the break of dawn to-morrow (Courtesy Day) we propose to venture forth in search of the taxicab driver who on the face of things looks like the most hard-boiled taxicab driver in New York City.

"Taxi?" he will say to us.

"Go on yah big stiff," we shall reply to him, tempting him, of course, to be impolite (we just want to see what he'll do).

If he really wants to be courteous, he will answer somewhat like this:

"Why, sir (with something not unlike a tear in his eye), you wrong me, indeed you do."

"Go on," we shall answer, endeavoring to goad him to fury, "I'll bet your grandfather was hung for stealing horses."

"Oh, sir, how could you say such a thing?" (This if he is really sincere about being courteous.)

"I've a good mind to give ya a good swift kick in the eye," we answer, "and furthermore that face of yours, if such it can be called, would fry an onion."

"To think it should come to this," he sobs.

"Yeh, an' it's gonna come to woise," we retort. (It will really be great fun, having at these great hulks of creatures ordinarily so careless about their

language in front of passengers.) "I bet your aunt Maud never ate with a fork in her life."

"Oh, pray," he pleads, "I don't mind you criticizing me, but please don't get personal."

"I will get personal," we reply (agog with the fun of egging him on).

"Aw, please don't get personal," he begs.

"I will, too," we cry, gloatingly, and proceed to do so by telling him his cuffs are not half an inch below his coat sleeves, as they should be.

And so it will go on. If he can stand up under fifteen minutes of vigorous ragging, we shall reward him fittingly and buy Mr. Zabriskie a new hat. Of course, if he doesn't, the whole experiment will be spoiled.

TURKEY THROUGH MILITARY CHANNELS

From the advance dope on the innumerable feasts to be held in New York to-day, it looks as if the dinner for the troops at Governor's Island might turn out to be the most interesting. Of course, one can't tell definitely until the returns are all in to-night.

The Salvation Army dinners are always to be reckoned with, and there is the ever-present possibility of a dark horse, as happened last year when the honors went to the Dugan family of Eleventh Avenue. Following a quarrel over the wishbone, Mr. Dugan attacked Mrs. Kirchwein, his mother-in-law, with the drumstick, fracturing her tibia.

As a result of the $340,000,000 surplus, the Government (meaning our Government, of course) has ordered a pound of turkey for each soldier at Governor's Island. Well, you may ask, what's thrilling about that? The answer is as follows: A good deal. You know our Government. When you say a pound of turkey to your butcher, he thinks you mean a pound and a half. But our Government—may it always be Democratic or wrong!—means a pound of turkey when it says a pound of turkey.

It doesn't mean a pound and a half. Nor a pound and an eighth.

There are, let us say, 464 soldiers at Governor's Island. Very well. With turkey at 42 cents per pound (if it is at 42 cents per pound), our Government has appropriated $194.88 for turkeys for Governor's Island.

You know our Government. When it appropriates $194.88 for turkey, it appropriates $194.88 for turkey—not for veal, or miscellaneous, or gin. For turkey! And when it appropriates $194.88, it doesn't mean $194.90.

Supposing it is discovered, just as dinner is about to be served, that there is a pound and a sixteenth of turkey at Governor's Island for each man!

Will the chef say: "Oh, let it go. What's a sixteenth of a pound?"

Indeed, he will not. He's in the army. He will report to the Mess Sergeant. The Mess Sergeant will tell the Mess Lieutenant. The Lieutenant will tell the Sergeant to write a letter, through military channels, to Major General Summerall. The Mess Sergeant will write the following letter:

"From: Mess Sergeant.

"To: Commanding General, through military channels.

"Subject: Turkey.

"1. There is a sixteenth of a pound turkey too

much for each man's Thanksgiving dinner. How are you all? All are well here.

"Love,

"MESS SERGEANT."

The letter goes to the company commander, who sends it back because one of the colons is out of alignment.

Corrected, it goes to the Major, then to the Colonel, then to the Brigadier General (so-called because he is in charge of the brig), and finally to Major Gen. Summerall.

By this time it is December 5, and the men are getting hungry. There are cries of "We want our turkey!" from the more mutinously inclined. These men are denounced as Reds by S. Stanwood Menken.

General Summerall, if he happens to be in the city, writes to the War Department about the turkey. The War Department waits until Congress resumes sessions and reports the turkey matter to the Committee on Military Affairs and Card Parties. The Committee asks Congress for an additional appropriation to cover the cost of the extra sixteenth of a pound of turkey per man.

Senator Borah asks the Committee what it did with the money Congress gave it last spring. Senator Platt accuses Senator Borah of playing politics. Senator Borah accuses Senator Platt of not having fought in the War of 1812.

It is now December 19, and several of the soldiers are eating their chevrons. Those without chevrons are dying like flies.

Senator Merriwether demands an investigation, and Colonel William Mitchel, Mrs. Lansdowne, Captain Foley and Alice are called to testify. After two weeks, the Investigating Committee exonerates Senator Newberry and grants the appropriation for more turkey.

The Mess Sergeant hurries to the mess room with the turkey and finds all the men dead of starvation.

IMPROVING THE PLUM PUDDING

THERE were so many things to do yesterday that it hardly seemed as if twenty-four hours were enough. Christmas is almost here, and it seems as if only yesterday was the 22d of December. Time certainly does fly.

We had to spend most of the day putting the finishing touches on our new invention. The idea for it came last Christmas-time. At seven out of the eleven Christmas dinners we ate that day they had plum pudding, borne in with burning brandy and a sprig of holly.

"What a waste of brandy!" was the instant reaction we had to the sight, because, of course, you can't use bootleg brandy on plum pudding. It won't burn.

It did seem a useless extravagance, especially when you take into consideration the thousands and thousands of homes throughout the country where brandy is burned on plum puddings during the Yule season.

Then, too, it seemed a rather ridiculous perversion of the natural function of brandy. And, what is more, rather childish. If anybody in his right mind wants to see a fire, he goes out and watches a real fire, like the Equitable Building. What kick is

there in seeing a poor, defenseless plum pudding burn? And these same men, mark you, would yell pretty loudly if the butler brought in their steak aflame.

There is even a more ominous danger lurking in the custom. Children see it burn. Who can tell in what childish mind there may not be some slight neurotic impulse, some hidden tendency, which, if ever so slightly encouraged, might make a pyromaniac out of him.

So the thought occurred to the present writer: Why not invent a contrivance that would release all this flow of brandy to other and more natural channels? Work on the scheme has consumed the better half of a year. (The better half of a year is a term applied in fun to a year's wife.)

We are now more than happy to announce at this blessed Yuletide that the invention is complete. The first electrically-lighted plum pudding will appear on our table Christmas Day.

Inasmuch as a patent is pending, it is not possible to reveal all the facts concerning the invention now, but we will say that it consists mainly of a tiny red electric bulb hidden in a mass of red shreds of paper and stuck in the top of the pudding. Now, the inside of the pudding is hollow and contains a tiny electric fan which blows upward on the paper and light, giving the same unerring impression of a flick-

ering flame that you get from a Belasco stage fireplace. The underlying principle is much the same, i.e., both the writer and Mr. Belasco like a glass of brandy once in a while.

The electric connection should be made through the floor. If the butler or maid bearing the pudding be skillful, they can very successfully conceal the wire in the leg of their pant—or, of course, skirt, as the case may be. And you cannot have a fire with the new plum pudding, barring a short circuit.

The quantity of brandy saved throughout the country will be tremendous. Why, at a private test of the new invention, held last Tuesday in the Edison laboratories, enough brandy was saved from one pudding alone so that the writer found himself skipping around, shouting that he wanted to be called early in the morning, as he was to be Queen of the May. The absurdity of that conceit is apparent, when you take into consideration the fact that it was then December 15, with May Day a full five and a half months off.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

Phil Wannop, daredevil stunt performer, will carry out his Friday the Thirteenth tests to-day, in spite of warnings from the Mayor, the Governor, the City Chamberlain of Oswego and the Bishop of Tonawanda. Wannop is the fellow who made the successful tests of taxicab chauffeurs' courtesy on their recent Courtesy Day. He called seventeen rough chauffeurs a total of fifty-nine harsh names and escaped unscathed.

Wannop is determined to prove there is nothing in the Friday the Thirteenth superstition and has been in training at Jimmy De Forest's for two weeks in preparation for his ordeal. He concluded his training yesterday by spilling two pounds of salt in the morning, followed by a brisk rubdown. He then passed under twelve ladders, after which he had a brisk rubdown. The afternoon was spent chasing black cats, and following a brisk rubdown, Wannop ate a hearty meal at which he dropped his fork eight times and spilled three more pounds of specially made salt. Prior to retiring early Wannop had a brisk rubdown and threw away the rabbit's foot his mother-in-law gave him when he went to war.

Instead of the rabbit's foot talisman he will wear during his tests to-day the famous—or rather, infamous—Peruda opal, which spells ill-luck to whoever happens to be wearing it. Nine Indian rajahs have died from its effects and a tenth is beginning to have dizzy spells.

For the purpose of observing the experiments which Wannop will conduct during the day, a committee of noted scientists and professors will be close to him throughout the day. The committee includes Will Beebe, naturalist; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Tex Rickard (representing Sir Oliver Lodge), Charles T. Root, Paul Whiteman (representing Tex Rickard), the President of New York University, ex-officio, and State Prison Commissioner Mrs. Cecilia D. Patten, representing law and order and the British Society for Psychological Research.

Wannop will get out of bed left foot first, and if he survives this, will proceed to break a special mirror. Then he will open an umbrella in the house.

If, at the conclusion of any one of the experiments anything should happen, an ambulance from St. Luke's Hospital will be close at hand, donated through the kindness of St. Luke.

Wannop will also light three cigarettes from one match. Miss Ann Pennington and Leon Errol, co-stars in Ibsen's Rosmersholm, have volunteered to smoke the other cigarettes. They waived immunity

last night at an impressive ceremony held in The Mall, Central Park.

During the day Mr. Wannop will step on all the cracks in the sidewalk and at 9.30 in the evening he and his escort will gather at the Polo Grounds, where Wannop will look at the new moon over his left shoulder. The new moon for this month was originally scheduled for the 16th, but it was postponed to-day in order to give Mr. Wannop an opportunity to carry out his experiment.

In answer to the criticisms voiced yesterday to the effect that Wannop has carefully avoided committing himself on the underwear question, his manager, Morris Gest, yesterday issued the following statement:

"Wannop is fully acquainted with the superstition that it is unlucky to change when one has accidentally put one's underwear on wrong-side out. The only reason Mr. Wannop has neglected to include this test in his list is that he does not approve of underwear and never wears it."

ON CHRISTMAS CARDS

"We are now showing samples of our Christmas cards for 1925," writes J. D. Layman of the Gorham Company. "We trust we may again have the pleasure of serving you."

Dear J. D.—It certainly was nice of you to write. Glad to hear you are apparently well and happy. Remember the fun we had picking out my cards last Christmas? Your letter brought so many things back to me. I don't know why, but Christmas always makes me a little sad. Just as bowling always makes me a little stiff.

When I went to college I went out for checkers, and reported for a try-out one night after I had been bowling. So I said to Tad Meriwinkle, the famous coach, "I'm a little stiff from bowling." And he looked at me and roared, "I don't care where you're from, take a couple of those checkers and work out with them five or ten minutes till I see what you can do." I never forgot that remark.

To get down to business. If I send out any cards this year I'll certainly get them from you, but I may not send any. I'm pretty sore, J. D., and you won't blame me when you hear why. I've always played

this Christmas-card game fair and square, J. D. I always sent my cards out five days before Christmas, so that anybody who got one and hadn't intended sending me any could get busy and rush one over, so that I shouldn't be offended. I always give tit for tat in Christmas cards, but I'm getting pretty tired of being made a sucker of.

You recall that I bought seventy-five cards from you at 20 cents apiece last year and gave the messenger that brought them either 8 or 9 cents, thus making a total of—well, it made quite a total. You remember, the cards had a picture on them of a snowy country road with a stage coach filled with people, all with jolly red cheeks like Nicholas Nickleby, Mr. Pickwick and their ilk. And in the distance was a little house all lit up inside, and it looked very warm and Christmasy, with the snow outside so cold and clear underneath the full moon. You didn't have any title on the card, so I named it "Cricket on the Hearth, or Honesty Is the Best Policy."

Inside it said, "Mr. Frank Sullivan Wishes You and Yours a Merry Christmas," and the inscription was all in capital letters, and when you rubbed your hand over it the engraving was sort of swollen out from the paper. When engraving is swollen like that you can always tell it's expensive, but of course

when I got your bill I didn't need to feel the engraving hardly at all.

Well, sir, J. D., I sent every single one of those cards out except one I wanted to keep for reference, and guess how many I got back? No, guess again. No, but you're warm. Oh, you're hot now. Guess again. Yes, exactly twenty-eight! And some of the cards I got back you wouldn't send your stepmother.

One fellow even sent me a warmed-over Thanksgiving card with his own address crossed out, and mine written in, and "Please Forward" marked on it. And I took care of that same fellow one night when he was sick.

That finished me, J. D. Twenty-eight Christmas cards back from a total outlay of seventy-five is a return of less than 50 per cent. Is it worth while? I'm thinking seriously of just lying back this Christmas and taking it easy while the other fellows send me cards for a change. Give my love to all the Gorham boys, will you?

TO A RUBBER IN A TURKISH BATH

Dear Paul: Just a line to let you know I was able to sit up this morning and take a light breakfast of fruit, cereal, eggs, chops, buns, choice of lemon, raspberry, vanilla or chocolate pie, and coffee. Also that I bear you no ill will. As I said to the newspaper men after you had given me the rubdown, "The best man won. Paul had me on weight by fifty-six pounds, but I am not kicking. I went into the thing with my eyes open and came out with them closed."

That's what I told the newspaper men, Paul, and that's what I say to you, because I won't say anything behind a man's back. What's the use? People in front of him can't hear a word you say, especially if he has a back the size of yours.

Frankly, Paul, I wouldn't have chosen you for my rubber if I had known you were the heavyweight champion of whatever it was you told me you were heavyweight champion of. There were other rubbers there that I know I can trim, especially that one who looks as if he might weigh ninety-eight pounds if he was wearing a pair of eight-pound army marching shoes. I didn't choose him, because I couldn't make up my mind whether he was there to rub or to be rubbed. I mean to say, if

I had allowed him to rub me, a big 150-pound lout, I would have felt pretty cheap and embarrassed, and for the sake of my own self-respect I would have had to insist that he allow me to give him a brisk rubdown after he had concluded his job on me.

That's the trouble with the rubbers at these baths, Paul. They all look alike; well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, but what I mean is—they're all undressed the same and there's no way of telling which are the rubbers and which are the rubbees. It wasn't my fault that day when I asked a Supreme Court Justice to give me an alcohol rub. I don't care what you say, he looked to me like a rubber.

I want another chance at you, Paul. You interest me as a sporting proposition. I think, given the proper conditions and with me feeling fit, I could pull a David on you, you old Goliath.

Our next rubdown will be held in the new Madison Square Garden, if you have no objections. I was telling Tex Rickard what an interesting time we had, and he thinks if we staged a public rubdown the crowd would come. People are tired of wrestling and they're getting wise to the fight game, and Rickard is anxious to get a new sport to take their places. He is enthused over the rubdown proposition and thinks there may be quite a piece of change in it for all of us.

But the big rubdown will be rubbed under the

new rules, and I propose to have a hand in framing them.

In the first place, I refuse to go into the hot room before the rubdown. I've suddenly got wise to this business of making me go into the hot room. I see your little game. You baked me for fifteen minutes until I felt lazy and languorous all over; and then I was in no fit condition to tackle you, of course. I noticed you took care to keep out of the hot room. You were refreshed and vigorous when the festivities started.

And you're not going to be allowed to soap me this time, unless I can soap you, too. Of course I couldn't get any foothold against you that last time when you had me covered with soap from my head to my toes. I'm not saying, mind you, that you put the soap in my eyes so I couldn't see where you were, but the fact remains the soap WAS in my eyes, and therefore I never was able to find you when I wanted you.

You're not to be allowed to tickle me, either, unless I can tickle back. You remember that time after you had grabbed my right leg and bent it back until it touched my shoulder, and then I got a headlock on you with my right arm and teeth? Well, I had you then, Paul, and you know it, only you got hold of that confounded scrub brush in some way and began tickling the soles of my feet with

it. There isn't the shadow of a doubt that somebody told you the two things I can't stand are to hear people grit their teeth and have any one tickle the soles of my feet.

Furthermore, when you get me under the shower the next time you're not to be allowed to turn on the cold water without giving me thirty seconds notice so I can start running, and when I start running you must give me fifty yards handicap. If you catch me and bring me back, you must sign an agreement that the cold water is not to be any colder than the cold water that came from the faucet in our apartment last July.

You were rubbing on your home grounds, Paul. That's the reason you got away with so much on me that day. I'd like to take you to some neutral Turkish bath some day and just give YOU a rubdown.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Pardon me for addressing you, a perfect stranger, but I've heard so much about you that I feel as if I knew you, and yet at the same time I feel as if I didn't know you. You certainly have got me going. You are the most baffling character in modern letter-writing, and I'd give the option I hold on a nice wet section of the Florida Everglades to find out definitely, once and for all, just who and what you are.

All my life long I've been seeing letters addressed "To Whom It May Concern." At first I didn't notice it much, because I was young at the time and occupied with love, athletics and sowing a sort of hand-picked Grade B wild oat, and I had no curiosity about intellectual matters.

Then one day as I was delivering groceries, I forgot to deliver some lamb chops to a Mrs. Charlie Frennish. They used to live in the little white house with the garden down on Spring Street next door to the First Methodist Church. Frennish was a plumber, but he never got to own his own business because he used to go on periodicals and then come home and beat her up. So that used to make her irritable, of course, and you could hardly blame her.

You, yourself, wouldn't want to be always living in fear of being beaten up by a husky plumber, because Frennish stood over six feet and used to put the shot on the Foresters' track team in the Interfraternal Track Meet in the spring. So that day I forgot to leave her the lamb chops was the day after Frennish had given her a black eye. It was the seventh that year, and it was only May, so she lost her temper and telephoned a complaint in about me. I might have got away with it, but I left Mrs. Frennish's lamb chops at Mrs. Mahoney's, and it was a Friday, and Mrs. Mahoney took it as an insult, so she complained, too, and my boss gave me the sack.

"I have to spend most of my time answering telephone calls complaining about you," he told me, "and I don't think that's being fair to my business or my family. I ought to devote some of my time to them. I'll fire you, but I'll give you a letter."

So he wrote this letter:

"To Whom It May Concern, Esq.:

"The bearer has been in my employ for the past two weeks, and I take great pleasure in sending him somewhere else for employment. He has a very good whistling voice, is a great reader and is very fond of outdoor sports during working hours. He weighs 125 pounds in his stocking feet, and 135 when his pockets are filled with candy, cigarettes, cakes and other tidbits he sneaks out of the store on

me every night. He is a staunch Democrat, but carried a banner in a Roosevelt parade in 1904 because the Republicans were paying 75 cents for banner carrying that year, while the Democrats could pay only four bits. His clubs are the Metropolitian, Phi Delta Gamma, Union and Pirates.

"(Signed) DAN WINSHIP."

"There," said Mr. Winship, folding the letter and handing it to me, "that ought to serve the trick."

I read it.

"Where do I find this fellow?" I asked Mr. Winship.

"What fellow?"

"To Whom It Concerns."

"Oh, he'll pop up," Mr. Winship assured me, but you didn't. Do you know, I went around for weeks with that letter in my hand looking for somebody who would answer your description; somebody with concern written large upon his countenance, but I couldn't find a soul who looked the part. Nobody was concerned whether I got a job or not. Down at the bank they laughed, and of course if a fellow laughs when you tell him you want a job, you know he isn't concerned, don't you?

I finally found a fellow who owned a glue factory who looked concerned and I rushed up and almost embraced him, thinking he was you, at last.

Then I found out he was concerned only because the cold weather had frozen all his glue and it looked as if he would have to shut down. He wasn't concerned about me at all. I found a fellow who owned a pants-pressing place and he looked concerned. Hope sprang eternal in my breast, until I found out that he also was not concerned about me, but about his flatirons. It seemed his wife had the previous evening run off with a rival tailor and had taken all the flatirons with her.

My dear, I searched for months, and I learned this much. Nobody was concerned about me. People were mostly either (1) not concerned about anything or (2) they were concerned only about themselves. If they did happen to be concerned about somebody else, I discovered it was either (1) somebody they were deeply in love with or (2) somebody they expected to do them a favor. Nobody was in love with me, and everybody knew I was in no position to do anybody favors, so I was rather let out so far as concern is concerned.

That only piqued my curiosity to learn who you, the mysterious "Whom It May Concern," are. I don't care who kidnapped Charlie Ross. I don't care who murdered Elwell. I don't care whether Coolidge will be renominated for another term or not. I don't care who the Man in the Iron Mask was. But I would—oh, how I would—like to meet

you, to clasp your hand, to look into your friendly eye, to meet face to face One Who Might Be Concerned.

Won't you please tell me who you are? Won't you please meet me next Saturday night at the Information Desk in the Grand Central? I shall wear a large button inscribed "Buckner for Vice-President in 1928."

As ever,

FRANK.

DECEMBER 13.

TO A LADY WITH APPENDICITIS

DEAR MADGE—Congratulations on having your appendix out. I'm so glad you decided on appendicitis. I met George with Mike up at Lem's house one day and he told me then you had practically made up your mind to be ill this fall. He said you needed a vacation but had had a hard time trying to decide between a trip to Miami and a little sick spell.

I told him at the time I hoped you'd choose the illness. I do think Miami is greatly overrated, and greatly overcrowded. Prices for room and board down there are simply terrific, they tell me, and you can get a very good room, with southern exposure, ambulance service and day and night nurse in any good New York hospital for half what you would pay at a Florida hotel.

The board depends, of course. If you're having appendicitis the meals consist largely of water, a glass of which can be purchased very reasonably at even the most expensive private hospital. Sometimes in appendicitis cases they do vary this menu. A friend of mine had his appendix taken out last spring at Bellevue, and they were very generous about the diet—they not only allowed him a glass

of water twice a day, but at six o'clock every night they brought him a tray on which was a sirloin steak, French-fried potatoes, new green peas, hearts of lettuce with Russian dressing, asparagus tips on toast with Hollandaise sauce, and a deep-dish apple pie with ice cream on it and hot chocolate sauce on the ice cream and some little red candies on the hot chocolate sauce. They let him look at the tray for five minutes, or if he felt especially hungry, for seven minutes, and the orderly then took the tray away. Invariably, my friend told me, the orderly would return in an hour with a wisp of asparagus hanging from his mouth.

I met George again a week later and he said you had definitely decided on the illness, mainly because you were afraid of being train sick if you made the trip to Miami. Then I started worrying for fear you would let some doctor sell you one of these new-fangled diseases. I know all about them! I've been through one. Last summer, at vacation time, I was considering either going to Wading River, L. I., or Mauch Chunk, when a doctor friend came around.

"Why go to Wading River?" he said. "Wading is no fun. Why not get yourself a good neurosis? They're all the rage and you can go to some nice quiet place with it and have a swell time."

I fell for his advice and got myself enough neurasthenia to last me a month. To make a long story

short, I had a perfectly rotten time. I found out the old-fashioned diseases are best. You know exactly where you are with appendicitis, for instance. Neurasthenia, on the other hand, is more elusive than the will o' the wisp. You go to one doctor with it and he tells you you haven't got any disease. Another doctor, if he happens to have a rent bill coming due, tells you you have something quite serious the matter with you, and come twice a week.

You don't have to go to bed. You don't have to take pills. You can eat. You don't know whether you're sick or well. Finally you get to a point where you just long for some good old-fashioned tangible ailment like a dash of the croup.

But when you have appendicitis, Madge, you always have something to show for it. It's not like neurasthenia, claustrophobia, tic doloreux or any of the rest of these modern ailments. Why, when I had scarlet fever at Camp Devens, olav hasholem, in the spring of 1918, I had a strawberry tongue that every doctor in the base hospital came to see. It was the best strawberry tongue they had had in the scarlet fever ward. I finally started charging admission. Of course I had to let the Colonel in free and I had to go fifty-fifty with him on the gate receipts because he was boss of the hospital, but I charged majors fifty cents a look; captains, twenty-two cents; second lieutenants, ten pins, but I let that good-

looking nurse from Lowell in for nothing. I wonder what became of her. I'd like to meet her, now that I'm well.

Listen Madge, let me give you a piece of friendly advice. If George has not had his appendix out, make him attend to it now. I know how those things work out, Madge. You're going to want to discuss your operation pretty often—naturally, since it's been one of the big things in your life. That being the case you want some one to discuss it with who'll be sympathetic. Nobody sympathizes with a person who talks about his operation except somebody who's had an operation. It's like being in the Masons or the Knights of Columbus or the Racquet Club.

If George hasn't had an operation, he won't get your line at all from now on, and what I have always regarded as an ideal marriage may end on the rocks. That was what came between Nell and me, you know. I had my tonsils out and she didn't. Love went out the window and never came back until Nell lost her tonsils. So do, please, be emphatic about having George's appendix out. If he rebels, let me know. I will administer the ether.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A STENCIL!

"We have just been checking back our files," writes Nat Luxenberg and Bros., "and find that we did not have a stencil for you. This means that you have not received our literature and are unaware of the many things we have been offering our customers right along.

"We have corrected this error, but want you to know that we sincerely regret our neglect of you. You may rest assured that from now on you are mailed our circulars, so that you can stop in and look over our line whenever we have anything unusual pending."

Dear Nat and Bro.:

Gee, but it was good to hear from you two boys. Every time you put on a sale the other fellows have been coming into the office, their faces full of joy, waving letters in the air and shouting: "I got invited to Nat Luxenberg's sale" or "I got invited to Bro. Luxenberg's sale." I was the only one of the bunch left out in the cold, and every time it happened it was all I could do to keep the tears from streaming down my face. The only way I kept them from doing that was to throw back my head until they streamed down my neck instead.

Several times I was on the point of going up and asking you face to face what I had done to offend you, but I always said to myself: "No, if Nat and Bro. don't think enough of me to invite me to their sales, they can go hang." I would say to myself: "They're probably like all the rest of the haberdashers. Once you pay your bill they stop writing and drop you entirely."

And to think that all the time it was just that old stencil coming between us! Why, I've got six of them hanging around the house this minute, Nat. I use them to shine my shoes with. If only I had known that was all you lacked!

Ah, Nat, think of the suffering you and Bro. and I could have avoided if you had conquered your damnable pride and had come to me, as man to man, and had said, "Frank, old boy, I've come to you as man to man, to tell you something, just as man to man. Don't judge me too harshly, Frank, but I might as well confess to you, as man to man, that—I haven't got any stencil for you."

I wouldn't have minded, Nat. I wouldn't have let a stencil come between Bro and you and me. Some of my best friends haven't got stencils, you poor silly.

And I would have respected you all the more for having come to me frankly, as man to man, admitting that you were without a stencil. My dear fel-

low, just because a man has no stencil is no reason why he should be ashamed; why he should go hide himself from his friends at the very time when he needs their help most. Good heavens, Nat, there have been plenty of men in history who never had stencils and who yet conquered in spite of all. Abraham Lincoln never had a stencil. Charlemagne never had a stencil. Beethoven not only did not have a stencil but he was deaf in the bargain, and yet tell me what modern composer with two, or even three good ears, and a dozen stencils, could write a symphony that could compare with Beethoven's Fifth.

I'm so sorry I missed your literature. After all, one really should grasp at all the literature that offers itself these days. Goodness knows, America is short enough of the real stuff. By the way, why don't you send some of your literature to Mencken—H. L. Mencken, of Baltimore. Send him some of the things you have done that you think will really stand the test of time. Personally, I always liked best that delightful little thing you did last year, describing your sale of suits with extra pants for $35. It had imagination and pathos. I don't think you have excelled it, although your piece on advance fall overcoats last September was inspired of its kind.

Well, I must go now. Again let me say how glad I am that our misunderstanding is cleared up and that we are again friends, you, Bro and I.

APRIL 15.

TO PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

DEAR MISS JOYCE—I learn from a perusal of the daily press hereabouts that you contemplate the important step of matrimony, and although, like the two ends of the fat man's belt, you and I have never met, I have seen you often and I am your devoted and fatherly admirer, and I feel that I will not be misunderstood if from the placid heights of a life full of experience in the ways of the world, I address a few words of advice to a young girl like you about to enter such a vital contract as marriage.

As proof of my good faith I might say here that I have often wanted to marry you. Several times when I have seen you at theaters or night clubs I have felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to introduce myself to you and ask your hand in marriage, but whether it was fate or coincidence, both your hands were invariably busy on these occasions, and it would have been rather ridiculous, wouldn't it, to have gone up and asked for your foot in marriage.

My dear child, in seeking marriage you are taking a step that may influence your whole life for good or for bad. Marriage is a lottery, Miss Joyce. Rome was not built in a day. It takes nine tailors to make

a man, and the better the day the better the deed. Too many of our young American girls of to-day rush headlong into marriage as if it were a swimming pool. Ah, but you may answer me there by saying, "Well, isn't it a swimming pool?" And I shall have to tell you, dear Peggy Joyce, that I don't know.

Sometimes I think Life is just one great big swimming pool, with all of us swimming about, kicking the water into the face of the swimmer just behind. Life's a funny proposition after all, Miss Joyce, and you will find, as the years roll by, leaving the lovely roses on your cheeks untouched, that "on" and "at" are pretty funny prepositions at times, too.

You are old enough now, Miss Joyce, to be told a few of the facts of life, and you had better learn them from an old family physician like me than from, let us say, Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, or Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover. The area of Iowa in square miles is 56,147, but the area of Venezuela is approximately 393,976 square miles, yet you will find as you go through life that most people would rather not live in either Venezuela or Iowa.

Henry IV ascended the throne of England in 1399 and died in 1413 at the age of forty-seven. There were 18,023,584 motor vehicles in the world in 1923. These simple facts are taken from *The World Almanac* for 1926. I advise you and every young

girl to read *The World Almanac* from cover to cover before definitely deciding to set sail upon the perilous sea of matrimony.

When I think of the unhappy marriages, the misunderstandings, the heartaches and the tears that could have been avoided if the young husband and wife had only read our Almanac. I mean to say, Peggy, that if the young husband and the young wife agree frankly at the start of their married life that Canada's pig iron production in 1923 was 879,822 tons, so much misery will be avoided.

All these facts can be found in our Almanac, which retails for fifty cents, a price surely within reach of your prospective husband's pocketbook, he being a wealthy resident of Miami, we hear.

May years of happiness be yours, Miss Joyce, and if something should happen and you should want to get married again, telephone me here at the *World*, Beekman 4000, any day at 5 o'clock, except Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and holy days of obligation.

If I'm not in, ask for my brother Joe. He wants to get married.

. . . I'm so sorry. Some one reading this over my shoulder just tells me you have already been married four times. How stupid of me! Would it be too much trouble in that case for you to forward this letter to De Wolf Hopper?

WOMAN OVERBOARD!

I HAVE often wondered what I should do if some one were drowning before my eyes. Would I act the coward and wring my hands or would I dare all and effect a brilliant rescue? The matter was threshed out at a house party last week-end and I am happy to state that I emerged with more than my share of credit.

We had been swimming. I had been swimming especially hard, doing fancy diving and stunts. For instance, if one threw a stick of wood out into the lake I immediately dived in and brought it back.

I had returned to the small yacht from which we had been diving and was sunning myself on the after deck, talking politics with a stunning girl in a red bathing suit. We heard another chap tell our hostess he would teach her to float. It seemed absurd at the moment. Our hostess has everything a full life can offer. Why, then, should she want to float?

She seemed to trust the chap implicitly and away he swam, holding her up with the palm of his hand, like a waiter carrying a tray of delicious fried chicken. The next thing I knew there was a gurgling sound from the spot where the two had last been seen. We looked and there was nothing but bubbles.

"Oh, do something! Do something!" pleaded my fair companion in red. But I have not lived thirty-odd years and bucked up against all sorts of conditions and people without learning the value of caution in everything.

"Now, just wait a minute," I soothed her. "Let's look before we leap into this thing. Let's go into it with our eyes open or we may regret it. What do you do to revive a drowning person? You roll them on a barrel, don't you?"

I looked, and there was no barrel.

"My God!" I cried, in horror. "No barrel!" I got a spyglass and searched the beach for miles in each direction. There was not a barrel in sight. There was a ramshackle affair down the shore a mile or so that appeared to have been a barrel once upon a time, but it was clear that it would not suffer any strenuous rolling in its present state.

I looked for hot water bags and ammonia. I searched the ship high and low, but couldn't find a thing but a half empty gin bottle, which in my nervous state came in pretty handy, you may be sure. I returned to the deck. The beautiful damsel in the red, one-piece bathing suit was frantic.

"Never mind first aid now," she pleaded. "Go in and get them out, please!"

By this time there were quite a few bubbles on the surface of the lake—lovely, iridescent, frail creations

that lasted the merest fraction of a second and then vanished into eternity.

"I think you're right," I told my lovely companion, she of the carmine bathing suit—one-piece.

But then another thought occurred. This hostess of mine was a person of considerable importance. If she came to an untimely end by submersion, it would be a front-page story. After all, was not my first duty to my paper? The reporter's instinct in me caught me as I had my hands clasped and was poised to do the double backflip somersault dive which I generally use in my rescue work among drowning females, and I paused.

If anything happened to me, who would turn in the story? I saw my name in years to come bandied about *The World* office as a Benedict Arnold of the press—a reporter who had a swell story in his very grasp and then fell down on it. I could not fail my paper. I turned regretfully from the diving board.

The bubbles were now quite numerous and growing more and more pretty. My hostess and her swimming teacher came up at less regular intervals, and their conversation during the brief seconds when they were above water became not only less coherent but less edifying. It was mostly directed at me.

"I never heard mother talk like that before," remarked the young son of the hostess.

"It's a shame," I told the poor little kiddie, patting

his head. "At this moment of all moments, wouldn't you think she'd be careful of her language?"

Finally, I abandoned the idea of loyalty to the paper. The soft impeachments of my alluring companion in the red, one-piece bathing suit, had something to do with it. I told her I would go in. It was rather annoying. I had got all nice and dry. Again I poised on the diving board.

"Shall I use the Australian crawl?" I asked the beauteous one in red.

"Oh, use any stroke," she pleaded, wringing her hands, "but please go."

"I know seven different strokes," I assured her. "I think I shall use the dog paddle."

The bubbles were ever so numerous now, and as the water was very clear I could see my hostess and her friend lying on the bottom of the lake, apparently exhausted.

I paused again. After all, was it fair to Harry, her companion, to go on with this rescue? He had undertaken to care for Ruth, and who was I to cheat him of that distinction? It would enhance him in her eyes, and I knew nothing I could do could make her regard me more highly than she already did. I knew that this inaction on Harry's part, down there at the bottom of the lake, was only temporary. Doubtless he had been overcome for the moment by the suddenness of the thing. When he realized

the seriousness of their plight he would, of course, save both himself and her quite easily, and I wanted to be the first to shake his hand. Naturally, unless I remained on the deck, that would not be possible. I made up my mind that, if I butted in on their little party, the chances were that when things had quieted down I would get no thanks from Harry. After all, it would make him look fairly cheap, as he had promised to teach her to float.

I explained all this to the charming creature in the crimson, one-piece bathing suit.

"I don't want to be the obtuse end of any triangle," I expostulated, in the face of her protests. "I know my place."

Just then my hostess's husband, also a guest at the party, came up. He is a large, powerful, athletic chap.

"I think Ruth is drowning, Heywood," I told him.

And indeed so it seemed. The bubbles had ceased. The pair at the bottom of the lake had not been up in several moments and had ceased gesticulating.

A thrill of horror passed over me as I realized they were probably drowning. My whole life passed before me in those awful seconds.

I heard the husband say, "Maybe I'd better go in and get her," as he strode off the deck. Then everything went black and the next thing I knew they were bringing me to.

Then they worked over Harry and Ruth, and they came out all right, little the worse for their experience.

I know now what it is to rescue a person from drowning.

ON NIGHT WORK

After all, there's no time like the nighttime for serious literary work. Everything is quiet. (Stop that barking, Pippy!) There isn't the hustle and bustle that precludes any great creative effort in the daytime; and a man like me, sitting here trying to compose a columnar opus that will at least extend my tenure of office over another day, can place my pen-tip in my mouth and gaze thoughtfully up at the stars—well, not exactly that either. I don't believe in misleading readers who spend their good money and time to read what you have to say. The fact is I can't see the stars from where I am, because, if Canon Chase will be indulgent enough to allow me to say it, I am in bed. I don't even know whether the stars are out. To tell you the truth, I don't care. The stars never got me anything, except 52 in astronomy once, and just when I needed the credits, too.

Certainly I can't put the tip of a quill pen in my mouth, because I happen to be pounding on a typewriter. The typewriter is a very small affair, one of those portable things, but still I don't think I could put one end of it in my mouth. Wait a second, I'll try. No, can't be done. Wait! By George, I

did it! I wouldn't have given you a cent for my chance of doing that. If I only had a bet on it, now! I bet a fellow $5 two weeks ago that I could name all save two of the State capitals. I missed fourteen. I also miss the five. That has made me bet-shy. My doctor says it's just a phobia—a bet phobia. He says it's just like the phobia I have of paying my doctors' bills. He says he can cure me of both.

At least you can work in quietness at a time like this. I am at home, of course. Naturally. There are no beds at the office, although there should be.

Of course I miss the smell of the printers' ink, which is as the breath of life to the nostrils of every real newspaper man. I told the Long-Suffering One to sprinkle some printers' ink on the bedspread and sheets here to give me atmosphere, but she said she wouldn't do any such thing and flounced out of the room. That sounds easy enough, her flouncing out of the room, until you come to realize that there wasn't a flounce on her skirt! It's all gores, she says. Yet she constantly flounces. I don't know how she does it. She's amazing.

Yet I don't mind the absence of the printers' ink so much. I think the people in the flat below had steak and onions for supper. Wait a minute! Yes, I'm quite sure it's steak and onions.

You see, I can write along like this for page after page, undisturbed—there goes that w again It's

al ays getting clogged. Just hen you ant to use a lot of doubleyus, too.

Once when I wanted to use that poem about "She sells seashells by the seashore" the s gave out, and I had to refund everybody's money.

The beauty of this night writing is that you can write on and on and nobody disturbs you. (Who's that? Come in. What? No, I don't want a piece of pie at this time of night. What kind is it? Apple? Well—bring in a small piece. About a quarter cut. Right off the tenderloin.)

It's comparatively easy to write in bed, if you have the right build. You have to have a man's size stomach. If you're one of these collar ad athletes with what is called the tapering waist, you're out of luck so far as writing in bed is concerned. You lie on your back in what is tantamount to a prone position.

You place one pillow beneath your medulla oblongata. The medulla oblongata is a very important part of the brain, and that is why it should be protected by a pillow. I could do without a pillow because my medulla oblongata has become toughened by exposure. Most writers, however, would have to have the pillow, unless, of course, as often happens in the case of writers, they had no medulla oblongata.

Then you place another pillow on your abdomen, so that the lower left-hand corner of the pillow coin-

cides with the upper end of the scar from your appendicitis operation. In case you have had no operation for appendicitis, then you should have one without delay. It's great fun. I can recommend a good doctor. He cured Man O' War of whooping-cough in 1919.

Having placed the second pillow properly, you rest the typewriter thereon and try to write. At first it is very difficult. Not being able to see the keys, and not being familiar with the touch system, you write all sorts of things you never intended to write. I wrote fourteen columns that were positively unprintable before I learned the prone system, as I like to call it. So I'm having those fourteen columns printed as a book, which we are hopefully confident will be suppressed.

The point is that you are thus able to do your writing without being interrupted every minute —

(Come in. Oh, the pie. Swell. Ice cream on it, too. What are those other things? Hot dogs? No, I wouldn't dare touch them this hour of the night. Well, just a few.)

Your train of thought proceeds in an orderly manner, calmed by the surrounding calm——

(Will you make that damn dog stop barking at this hour of night? Do you want every neighbor in the house complaining on us?)

It's not like the hurly burly at the office, where

you don't sometimes know whether you're coming or going——

(That's the ninth time they played those excerpts from "Aida" on that player piano. Hey, would you mind playing "Hard-Hearted Hannah," for a change? Or "Nothing At All"? Do you know that one?)

Sometimes your neck gets cramped, but that's more than offset by the advantages of being alone——

(Is that the doctor's baby crying or is it the static in that radio across the court? I used to be able to tell, but since I hurt my knee my hearing has gone back on me. It's a baby. No, it's the radio. Nope, the baby. No, it's a cat. No, it can't be a cat. A cat wouldn't yowl at night. It's the radio. Yes, it's the radio. I can tell, because the doctor's baby can't sing "Mother Machree."

Yes, sir, I'd a million times rather do my stuff at home than at the office.

SAD FATE OF A FUCHSIA BUD

The Long-Suffering One has been faithfully nursing a wan, how-do-you-spell-it fuchsia for the last month. She found it on the street one day. It had evidently been abandoned by its mother. It was in an expensive flower-pot and was wrapped in costly green tissue paper. There was a card attached to it which said "My name is Conchetta. My mother was a Flaherty. She has Ended It All in the River. Please be good to me."

The Long-Suffering One, bursting into new tears at every step, brought the fuchsia home. Water was applied copiously, but it did not really perk up until Miss Nabby, by accident, poured a shot of gin on it. Then it immediately stood, turned around in its flower-pot and shook itself, thereby scaring Pippy, the pup, considerably. Pippy glared at it, but was reassured. She was told the fuchsia was a new member of the family and that she must always be kind to it. She seemed appeased.

Wan and brown, and with, at a liberal estimate, two leaves on its bare stem, the little fuchsia was placed on the balcony to get the benefit of sun and air. The Long-Suffering One poured so much water on the little plant that one night, after a day of re-

peated dosages, it turned into a pond lily, much to everybody's surprise. Pippy gazed at it suspiciously, as if to say: "No decent fuchsia would pull a trick like that on an honest, simple family like this."

For two days water was withheld, and slowly the fuchsia returned to normal.

Later came the happy day when the Long-Suffering One discerned the beginning of a bud on the fuchsia. There was joy in the household. There was some scepticism, too. A good many of us had grown to share Pippy's distrust of the fuchsia. It had come to wear a slightly arrogant air under the encouragement it got from the Long-Suffering One.

After that the fuchsia got all the attention in the world. If tenderloin steaks smothered in mushrooms could have added to its comfort, the Long-Suffering One would have provided them gladly. The rest of us were a bit calmer about the bud. I, for instance, hail from a fuchsia-ridden section of the country and can view the advent of a fuchsia bud with equanimity.

I used to own a pet nasturtium. I broke it in. Nobody can tell me anything about nasturtiums, and not much about fuchsias. (We Americans are too inclined to take flowers at their own valuation. We think the violet is modest. Modest, hell! I'm going to write a book some day called "The Truth About

the Modesty of the Violet." But we're getting far from the story of the fuchsia.)

Pippy evinced a strangely sentimental interest in the fuchsia bud. She has access to the balcony, or conservatory, as we call it since the Long-Suffering One brought the fuchsia in. She would stand for minutes at a time gazing at the bud. Sometimes she would go out and take a whiff of the fuchsia. The Long-Suffering One would say: "Ah. Ah. Don't touch fuchsia bud!" and Pippy would wag her tail understandingly.

It became apparent as the bud grew larger and took on a faint pink glow that one day soon we were to wake up and find a full-blown fuchsia blossom in the family.

The Long-Suffering One made elaborate plans for the opening of the bud. Miss Nabby was to learn the Constitution and recite it at the opening exercises. Auntie was told to wash and iron the family flag, but the colors ran and instead of the red, white and blue of our own country (may she always be right, but right or wrong, our country!) we had the violet colors of the flag of Baffinland. The Long-Suffering One said they would do. August, the elevator boy, was to do a trick with cards as his part of the exercises. It's a very interesting trick. You take a card from a pack which he holds and then he names it. He seldom misses. One day I drew the

nine of spades and he said it was the queen of hearts. He felt terribly about it, and went into a silence for days, and would not ride me up or down in the elevator.

I was to do my famous imitation of Sitting Bull standing, and if favored with requests for an encore I had planned to do the split, a rare accomplishment in a man of my age and build and a particularly rare element in the repertoire of most male newspaper men.

The living room, from which the conservatory gives, had been decorated for the occasion, a sprig of mistletoe being suspended over the picture of James A. Garfield.

Finally the great morning came. We were awakened at an early hour by the Long-Suffering One, who galloped down the hall from door to door, stopping only long enough to rouse the inhabitants and notify them that the fuchsia bud had popped into flowerdom. The Long-Suffering One's route on this memorable occasion was from the conservatory south to the living room, across the rug with the spot in it covered by the piano; thence south into Auntie's room. There she had turned back because the door leading out was locked, and she had to retrace her steps to the hall. Stopping at the bathroom only long enough to observe that the tiled floor needed fixing, she continued south to Tom's room.

My room was the next stop, and there the Long-Suffering One stopped for breakfast of coffee and rolls, cantaloupe, fried eggs, bacon, sweet pickles and farina.

"Nize Lung-Suffering Vun," I said, "itt opp all de farina, vould you?" (SMACK.)

In the due course of time we were all assembled, in full dress, in the room facing the conservatory. The colorful uniforms of the Diplomatic Corps, contrasted with the somber dress of the American Ambassador and the magnificent jewels of the ladies of the court made the ensemble one long to be remembered. The King sat on the throne, on the Queen's lap, because she had got there first and there was only one throne. The other had been lent to the Knights of Pythias for some degree work.

There was the bud, beautiful but simple, and simply beautiful.

"Friends and fellow-Americans," commenced the Long-Suffering One, taking a glass of what seemed to be water and clearing her throat, "we are met here to-day to do honor to this humble little fuchsia, whose patience and perseverance in the face of overwhelming odds have resulted——"

She got no further. A streak streaked through the assemblage. It was Pippy, although nobody knew it, because Miss Nabby had dressed her for

the occasion in a doll's nightgown and a doll's red tam o' shanter.

Out to the conservatory she sped. To the fuchsia. Then—snip! She bit off the flower! A gasp came from the horror-stricken assemblage. Pippy swallowed hard, smiled. The tam o' shanter was sitting rakishly on the back of her head.

"There," she seemed to say, "is an end of THAT." And, indeed, it certainly was.

ON PANTS BUTTONS AND EYEGLASSES

So many persons have commented on the peculiar elegance and dignity of our bearing these days that a frank explanation of the situation seems no more than due, and might be of help to a reader or two.

Until two months ago it was our habit to get from one place to another by using a peculiar loping gait, with the head bent as if in thought (but not actually so of course) and the feet following without any prearranged plan.

To-day more than a good many people often mistake Gen. Pershing for us, such is the military manner in which the General and we bear ourselves.

The explanation is quite simple. It is twofold. First, we gave up spectacles and took to eyeglasses. Second, the quality of suspender buttons got so bad we had to give up suspenders. Let us explain.

We got tired of spectacles for no particular reason, except that they got to be a bore. We went to Mr. Furbush, the optician, and demanded pince nez.

"Hm," he mused, half to himself, getting out his stethoscope. "Say 'Ah!'"

That was easy.

"Say 'the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.'"

He thought he had me there, but I said it. I said it twice.

"Hm," he said, and coming closer, he examined my nose carefully.

"How long have you had this?" he asked.

"This what?"

"This nose," said Furbush.

"Oh, I don't know," I told him. "It's been in the family for years, a sort of an heirloom."

"Hm," said Mr. Furbush. "Do you ever have pains in your occipital cavity?"

"Well, no," I had to admit. "Not exactly, but Mrs. Taylor's husband next door has them."

"You don't say," he cried, suddenly all interest.

"Yes, and the night before last he came home in a terrible—oh, he was stupefied, and they had a row and everybody was hanging out the window yelling at them to shut up. She says she's going to leave him."

"I knew it," declared Furbush, the optician. "I knew they'd never get along. In the first place, she's too old for him. I understand he runs around all the time. Let me see your tongue."

I did.

"I've seen better-looking," said Mr. Furbush, and I hated him for his supercilious, uppish tone.

"The trouble with you is," he said finally, after viewing me from all angles and looking me up in

the encyclopedia, "you can't wear eyeglasses because your nose is wrong."

"It's a good nose," I said.

"It is not," he replied.

"I said it was a good nose."

"I said it was a terrible nose."

I seized a chip and put it on my shoulder.

"Knock that off, I dare you to," I told him.

"Gowan," said Mr. Furbush, "my father can lick your father, my father's a policeman."

"So's your old man," I sneered.

Well, there was no use being childish, so we finally compromised and I got the glasses.

"But don't you charge me with being unethical if they fall off that nose and break," commanded Mr. Furbush.

"Oh, be your age," I told him.

He was right. The nose must have been wrong. The very next day the glasses fell off and broke. It cost me $8 for new lenses. Then they fell off, too.

Other glasses fell off and broke, and still others, until finally I had to give up the town house and four of the servants, so rapidly did the cost of new glasses eat into my income. But I kept a few trinkets that had become dear for sentimental reasons—the shooting lodge in Scotland, the trousers Great-uncle Mortimer wore when he was hanged, and the 1922 tele-

phone directory. (It was the first New York publication to print my name.)

The glasses question became a moral issue with me. I determined to do or die. My spunk was aroused and I was out to win. First, I thought of inventing some contraption by which the glasses could be suspended from above, independent of the nose. Then one day, quite by accident, I discovered that when I walked with my head well up in the air, the glasses stayed on. I adopted the posture—head erect, nose tilted, eyes trained upon the sky. Of course, you miss a lot by walking along this way, and you have bumping accidents, but the attitude does certainly give one a definite tone, an undeniable distinction in carriage. Why, one day while walking that way, I was mistaken for a butler.

Then there was the question of the suspender buttons. That was simply a problem of being unable to get suspender buttons of a requisite strength. They would come popping off at the most unexpected and embarrassing moments. At tea parties they would go flying into other people's teacups. Several prominent dowagers, whose good offices I may need some time, nearly choked on suspender buttons. They never knew where the buttons came from. I always fled, with one hand on my trousers, before anybody was searched.

Manifestly, however, this sort of thing could not

go on. There was no use my wearing suspenders if the buttons welched at every crisis. A suspender is as strong as its weakest button.

I would not wear a belt. A belt is a vile contrivance, claustrophobic in the atmosphere of repression and confinement it sheds upon a portion of the human anatomy that should have full freedom to extend. If I had my way, belts would be used only to flog bootleggers who tell you their beer is 7 per cent, and lie in their throats when they say it.

So I abandoned both belt and suspenders. But I have to watch every step I take. The distinguished gait I now employ is not native. I must keep my eyeglasses and trousers in their proper places, and to do that I must hold my head high and walk with a peculiar, stilted step, calculated to furnish a minimum of disturbance to the pantaloons. If I don't walk that way, well . . .

THE MASHING SITUATION

To the Honorables the Members of the American Academy of Ethnology—The Undersigned has the honor to submit to your honorable body the report of the survey made by him on the present status of mashing in New York:

Mashing is prevalent in New York. That much seems certain from a preliminary survey of the situation. I have not had time to go into the question thoroughly yet. At a conservative estimate, at least six months would be required to cover the entire metropolitan area and make a detailed study of the types of mashers peculiar to the various sections, such as the upper west side, the lower east side, Harlem, Bronx, Riverdale, Yorkville, Brownsville, etc.

The technique employed by mashers in these sections differs radically. For instance, I discovered that in some sections of Hell's Kitchen mashing is accomplished in the following simple manner: The young man goes up to the "skirt" of his choice and says: "Hello, kid, got anything on to-night?" If the young lady looks upon the knight with favor, she says: "Well, I'll say I did have something on, but now that you're here, everything seems changed," and she takes his arm, or "slips him her fin" as the phrase goes, and they attend a movie together, he

or she paying, according to the amount of cash on hand the young man has. If, however, the young lady does not like the young man, she stares coldly at him, says "Drop dead, will ya!" and passes on with a good deal of dignity. This is called "handing him the frozen mitt." The expressions used in these more primitive districts of the city are often picturesquely quaint, and the tabooed words "hell" and "damn" are frequently to be heard there.

On the other hand, the technique employed in a more fashionable district, such as the Riverside Drive section, is vastly more advanced and subtle. In fact, I noted many graduates of colleges engaged in mashing in this section. This, of course, is bound to lift the general tone of mashing, although it at the same time destroys the element of picturesqueness that prevails among the more primitive mashers of the rougher parts of town.

Mashing can be done either on foot or from an automobile. It can be done on horseback, too, but cases of that sort are extremely rare. Spiggins (History of Mashing, pages 234-235) reported a case of mashing on horseback on the Central Park bridle path in 1892. With the advent of the automobile, mashing has of course come into its own.

The archaic American custom of bandaging women's feet has had the effect of making them extremely averse to walking, so that large numbers

of our girls will step into an automobile on the slightest provocation, if offered a free ride or "lift." (This term should not be confused with the similar British term, used for elevators.)

Therefore the masher with the automobile has a great advantage over the masher who has no automobile. I experimented with both varieties and, as I shall explain hereafter to your honorable body, found that I was vastly more successful with an automobile. The motor car has, in fact, taken the place to a large extent of the personal pulchritude that was essential to the success of the old-fashioned stationary masher. A fast-moving vehicle, such as a high-powered car, has the added advantage of furnishing a ready means of egress in case a mistake in estimation has been made and the object of the masher's attention calls a police officer.

The automobile masher, then, has the advantage from the start over the perambulatory or walking masher. Unless the latter is particularly handsome and endowed with more than the average masculine charm and persuasiveness; unless, to revert to the picturesque phraseology of the less erudite mashing sections, he is a "sheik," he has small chance of success. More often than not he will be asked to roll his hoop along or, to again employ the more vivid phrase of the uneducated classes, he will "get the gate."

It was interesting also to observe the effect of various makes of automobiles on the feminine mind. Feminine psychology, always a most interesting study because of its variability, is at its best here.

On several successive evenings I employed various "makes" of automobile, starting with one of the most humble types and arriving by easy stages at one of the most luxurious varieties. On the first night, when I stopped my machine at a curb and started the winking which is the orthodox preliminary to mashing, the young ladies passing by burst into laughter, commented derisively on my automobile, and declared that it was made of tin, although as far as I could ascertain that metal was really not used to any great extent in the making of that particular car.

I had no luck with the cheap car. On the next two nights with cars of a trifle better make, although they were nothing to brag about, I succeeded in mashing three ladies, but they were nothing to brag about, either. I found that the really chic young ladies with blonde hair, no ears, long earrings, heavily rouged cheeks and lips, and cobweb silk hose, were distrustful of the less pretentious automobiles.

When, however, I drove down Broadway one night in a yellow limousine with copper fittings, a chauffeur to match the fittings, and chintz curtains on the windows, your honorable body would have died laughing at the number of mascara-lined eyes

that were cast longingly in my direction. I had no trouble at all that night in conducting my experiments in mashing. From that time on I continued to use the yellow car, varying it with a plum-colored racer.

I might state, before going into the details of the twenty-two various cases I noted during my preliminary experiments, that I want to apologize to the members of your honorable body for not being able to accede to the various requests I received from the members to be allowed to accompany me upon the various mashing expeditions. I would have been glad to have had such distinguished company on these tests, but it seemed to me that they would be best conducted by myself alone. Perfect quiet, your honorable body will agree, was essential to the success of my experiments. As the vulgar saying goes, "Two is a company and three a crowd."

The first week of the investigation was of course spent in the library, studying the vast mass of data on the subject of mashing. It was then necessary to consult two men of experience in order to get some practical hints on the methods of procedure.

Equipped with all the necessary data, I purchased an automobile (see expense account, Schedule B, page 24) and set out at 8.30 P.M. on the quest.

I proceeded slowly down Central Park West, using the Glutz method of mashing, to wit: Drive the auto-

mobile close to the curb, spot a comely young woman, stare at her, wink the eye violently and at the same time jerk the neck to the northward, indicating by pantomime an invitation to your automobile.

The first fourteen girls paid no attention, and the strain of the constant jerking of the neck began to produce severe pains at the base of the brain. It was clear that something was wrong with my application of the method, for the method itself has never been known to fail.

I happened then to look into the mirror at the side of the driver's seat and the trouble became apparent immediately. I had forgotten my sex lure. A successful masher must have that. I returned home and lost the better part of seventeen and a half minutes hunting for my sex lure, which I finally found hidden behind a dusty old trunk in the attic, where it had lain for years.

Returning to the boulevard, I discovered immediately that things were going better. Six rather good-looking young women hopped on the running-board before I had gone two blocks. I understand this is a record. It was probably only beginner's luck, however.

I asked some of the young ladies to withdraw.

"Only one can go, you know," I said, giving them each a pat on the head. "No kibitzers can come on this trip."

I hit upon the idea of selection by examination. I put them through a thorough test of their knowledge of such essentials to congenial masculine-feminine companionship as astronomy, biology, international law, torts, mathematics, household economics, history and tautology. I also tested their knowledge of current events. Some of the errors they made were most amusing. One little girl, when asked who Jack Dempsey was, said he was a prize fighter!

I chose this girl, because, while the other young women were all college graduates, some of them with Ph.D.'s, this little girl had wide blue eyes that somehow took me back to summer days in Arcady, Vt. I said to her, "Hop in, Maud."

"My name is Clarice," she said.

"What's your real name?" I asked her, being "wise." I had read in one of the reference books consulted that the mashee frequently gives a wrong name for the purpose of "kidding" the masher.

"My real name is Gloria Swanson," she said.

"Mine is Richard Barthelmess," I told her.

I then gave the losing girls a dime to get some candy, patted them each on the head, and sent them on their way. Miss Swanson and I then motored slowly through Central Park. I did my best to entertain her by pointing out the various points of interest.

"This great park," I told her, "extends from 59th Street to 110th Street, being over two and a half

miles long, and from Fifth Avenue to Eighth Avenue, being half a mile wide."

"Yes?" said Miss Swanson.

"Yes," I said, "and it covers 843 acres, of which 185 are in lakes and reservoirs and 400 in forest wherein over half a million trees and shrubs have been planted."

"Yeh?" said Miss Swanson, and I thought I detected a gleam of interest in her eye.

"Yes, indeed," I assured her, "and there are ten and a quarter miles of roads and five and a half miles of bridle paths."

"Yeh, Mr. Montana?" said Miss Swanson.

"Barthelmess, not Montana," I corrected her, "and work was begun on the park in 1857."

"You don't say so, Mr. Chaney?" said Miss Swanson.

"The name is Barthelmess," I reminded her, and then, seeing that her memory was faulty, I instructed her for a few moments in my memory-by-association system, by which, if one meets, let us say, a man named Gooth, he remembers Gooth's name by associating it with something that will remind him of Gooth—a scuttle of coal, for instance.

"Yeh, Mr. Turpin?" said Miss Swanson, yawning slightly, and I hadn't the heart to rebuke her for her error, she looked so charming.

"I'm awfully sorry I can't put one arm around

you," I told her. "One-arm driving is against the law."

"Oh, that's all right," she assured me, "I got to get out here, anyhow. I see we're near the Museum of Natural History."

I protested, but she said she had to attend a class in prehistoric anatomy at the Museum, following which she was due at the Aquarium for a lecture on the swordfish.

"Well, before you go," I told her, "I think I should tell you my name is not really Richard Barthelmess."

"Well, for that matter," she confessed, "I'm not Gloria Swanson, either."

"May I ask who you really are?" I asked.

"Sure," she said, "I'm Mary Pickford." And then she got out and walked away. A sailor stopped her at the gate, and they talked as I drove away. He probably was inquiring from her the way back to the Navy Yard.

This initial study of mashing convinced me that the system has been much maligned. I had other and even more interesting and enjoyable experiences, and I am sure the members of your honorable body will be glad to hear that, when I have finished my report, I am planning a special mashing party for the members, so that each gentleman can see for himself that it's a lot of fun. You're bound to enjoy it.

SETTING THINGS RIGHT

"Dear Sir—Haven't seen you for a long time.

"Anything gone wrong we can set right?

"Perhaps you remember we asked you the same question a while back, and we believe everything was fine, then. But even so, we've not had the pleasure of serving you since.

"If by any chance any of our things didn't 'make good,' we're ready to!

"Looking forward to hearing from you, we are

"Very truly yours,

"Rogers Peet Company.

"Stamped envelope is inclosed for your convenience."

Rogers Peet Company.

My Dears: Your welcome letter arrived this morning. I certainly owe you an apology for not writing before. I guess I must owe you five or six letters now, mustn't I? Thanks for the news you sent me last spring about the light overcoats, and thanks for that splendid little booklet on tuxedos. Every night before I go to bed I read a little bit in it. I always read for fifteen minutes or half an hour be-

fore going to bed. It sort of takes your mind off the day's troubles, you know, and gets you in a restful mood for sleep.

But please excuse me for not writing before as I am a terrible correspondent. The folks home are always saying, "Why don't you write, why don't you write?" and I say, "For heaven's sake don't bother me, you know what a bad hand I am at writing. I owe Rogers Peet six letters now and they never kick." And you certainly have been patient.

I really meant to drop in and see you this past summer, but those hot spells came right on each other's heels so fast that it just seemed as if a body didn't have the ambition to stir out of the house. The candles in the parlor melted until they lopped away over, and it seemed as if you no sooner got them straightened up again than bang, came another hot spell and over they went again.

By the way, do you remember the Panama hat you sold me two summers ago and you guaranteed it for three years? Well, something must have happened, because the hat blew off at Times Square about a month ago and a truck went over it, and it looked like something left over from the war by the time I got to its side. Really, you shouldn't guarantee things like that unless you mean it.

Of course, I suppose you'll say I should have had a string on it, but, good gosh, I have a string on my

eyeglasses and I wear a string on my finger so that I'll remember to collect my pay, and my pants are tied to my suspenders by a string where the button broke two months ago, so if I put a string on my hat I'd look like a ball of twine.

Thanks so much for asking if anything has gone wrong. Well, to tell the truth, things have gone wrong; but it's a long story and I'll have to see you to tell you. In the meantime don't believe what people say.

By all means let's get together soon. How about lunch some day? I need some socks.

ENDOWING A UNIVERSITY

"Our records," writes George F. Rogalsky, Treasurer of Cornell University, "show that while you have paid the principal of your student loan notes you still owe us the interest amounting to $10.57. *We would very much like to clear this account from our books and return the notes to you. Will you, therefore, please let us know when we may expect your check?"*

Dear George: Enclosed find check for $10.60 instead of $10.57. Things have been breaking pretty well for me financially of late, so I feel I can send along the extra three cents to sort of repay you for making you wait eleven years for the dough. It looks now as if it might be a hard winter and the three cents may come in handy, you never can tell. Some day the wife may want to set bread and of course she'll have to have yeast cake. I believe they're still two cents.

In that case, you could use your surplus of one cent to buy yourself a stick of candy or get weighed. But if you do decide to get weighed, George, don't let this damnable modern tendency toward luxury inveigle you into patronizing these five-cent weighing machines.

George, you can get weighed just as well on the penny machines as you can on the five-cent ones. They doll up these five-cent machines with a lot of mirrors and shiny nickelware, and they offer you your money back if you guess your own weight beforehand, but it's all just a lot of hooey to separate the fast-living American butter-and-egg man from his money.

Rome started on the path to ruin when they introduced five-cent weighing machines and perfumed baths for men.

I would have sent you the $10.57 before, George, only you know how the war has affected the financial situation. In fact I really did send it once, only I made a mistake (this'll hand you a laugh) and sent the $10.57 to Harvard. And I got a letter back from them asking if I would please send them 43 cents more to make it an even eleven, as they wanted to keep their bank-book in round numbers because they were easier to add and subtract, and the professor of mathematics was away on his vacation. So I sent them the 43 cents. It's called the Sullivan Endowment Fund for the Advancement of the Harvard Ball on Yale's Forty-Yard Line.

Then, after that happened, it was many a day before I got $10.57 together again. It just seemed sometimes as if I never would, George. Once I actually got to $10.56 and I practically had a prom-

ise from Kuhn, Loeb & Co. to see me through on the balance. I started home with the money, but I met a couple of other Irishmen named Pat and Mike.

So we got home at five next morning and I had forty-two cents left. That was the way it went. This $10.60 I'm sending you I earned picking quarrels.

I wish you would use part of it to advance professors' salaries, George, and some could be used to install an escalator on Buffalo Hill for the benefit of tired students. Please give my love to Davy Hoy, Teefee Crane, Red, the bartender at the Dutch, and Sadie, that little blonde—she used to wait on table in that hash house on Eddy Street opposite the Co-Op. Or is she a blonde any more?

THE ANSWER MAN

From time to time we propose to answer such inquiries as readers care to send us, placing before us their personal problems, their doubts, their fears, their little hopes, and so on. Readers are asked to confine their letters to twenty or thirty thousand words, as space is necessarily limited, owing to the outbreak of the World War. Readers are asked not to use cuss words. The proprietor of this department will do the swearing in our little family. Readers are also asked not to send vegetables, old fruit, mice, dead ants, pressed rose leaves, cyanide of potassium or preserved Western Union messengers with their communications. No checks cashed. No smoking. This means you.

Answers to Inquiries

What do you think of the younger generation?

The younger generation is all right. As Emerson so wisely said: "If a man make anything else better than any other man, even though he build his house in the middle of the forest, the rest of the world will build a road to that house."

* * * * *

What about the Locarno pact?

The Locarno pact is all right. Lewis Carroll, that master of nonsense who yet had the happy faculty of touching upon human foibles at their weakest, or foiblest spot, said all there is to be said about the Locarno pact when he wrote:

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe."

* * * * *

What about the doctrine of predestination?

The doctrine of predestination, my dear friend, is all right. The trouble lies with us. As the great Daniel Webster remarked: "I think we're going to have rain."

* * * * *

What do you think of the younger generation? I didn't hear your other answer; an "L" train was going by.

What the younger generation needs, my kind friend, is sympathetic guidance, not censure. I am sure you and I should not forget that we were children once and will probably be children again very shortly. As the Lady Godiva said: "I'm glad I didn't let that saphead barber persuade me to bob

my hair. I'd o' been in a swell fix if I had, with a full moon like this."

* * * * *

What did you say you thought of the younger generation? I was letting the water run in the kitchen sink so I could get a cold drink, and I didn't hear you.

Oh, don't be such a tease! And stop biting your nails!

* * * * *

What time is it?

I have nine-thirty; but then, I'm generally slow. Ask Bert; he uses butter on his mainspring.

* * * * *

What do you think of Prohibition?

Prohibition would be all right if it only would prohibit. But don't you really think there are more drinkers to-day than there were before Prohibition? And the quality of the liquor is, of course, much worse. I would not want to see a return to the days of the old saloon, but I do think that eventually you will see some forms of light beverages restored, such as gin, whisky, champagne, cognac, vodka, absinthe, bean soup and Mexican hair oil.

* * * * *

What are you doing to-morrow night?

Nothing in particular. Why?

* * * * *

How would you like to go up and meet the Board of Governors of the Union League Club?

Oh, I think that would be swell. I've always wanted to meet them.

* * * * *

Fine and dandy. Can you meet me in Irene Bordoni's dressing room at half after eight?

Half after eight is pretty late. Could you make it half past eight?

* * * * *

All right. See you in Marilyn Miller's dressing room then, at 8.30 sharp?

O. K.

* * * * *

What do you think of Liza Lehmann as a singer?

Liza Lehmann is all right. Any one who can sing so sweetly that we are made to forget the troubles, the toils, the tears of this life, is all right. You recall what Byron said about singing? "Heaven made singers, but who made college glee clubs?"

ADVICE TO INTERVIEWERS

"WILL you be kind enough to give me some information?" writes a young lady from the Ohio State University journalism school. "I am writing a journalism thesis on 'Interviews and Interviewing' and will appreciate it greatly if you answer some questions for me.

"1. What is the best way to approach the person to be interviewed?

"2. How do you get so-called 'silent men' to talk?

"3. What difficulties have you had in interviewing?

"4. Do you take notes? If not, why not?

"5. Why do you like to interview?

"6. What do you think are the requirements of a good interviewer?

"7. What is your method of interviewing?

"8. Is it harder to interview men than women, and how would you account for that?"

Answers:

1. Attract the prospect's interest in some unconventional manner. Can you walk on your hands? I find that method effective. I shall never

forget my experience with Lord Balfour, who, as you may know, is notoriously hard to approach. I reached him by a series of handsprings, skillfully executed, and once at his side I kept saying "Moo!" at him, until it was impossible for him to ignore me longer. The rest was easy. I consider my interview with Chauncey M. Depew on his ninetieth birthday rather a coup. I had myself brought before the Seer of the New York Central in a huge pie from which I emerged, costumed as Cock Robin, at 12 midnight, precisely.

2. Tickle them. Make them take their shoes off and then tickle the soles of their feet with a feather. I've been trying to get the boys at Washington to adopt this treatment for the official spokesman for some time past, but they say he wears button shoes and they always forget to bring a buttonhook.

3. None, except a slight hoarseness if the interview takes place out of doors in cold weather and I am not well wrapped.

4. Oh, sometimes, and sometimes, no. We all have our days when we feel like starting a note or two, but the well-balanced interviewer can take a note or leave it alone. When I covered my first big assignment, the crossing of the Delaware by Washington, I only took four notes.

5. You'll be the death of me.

6. Your ideal interviewer is about five feet, six;

a blond, Democrat, slight scar on left cheek, walks with pronounced limp and has a slightly Roman nose. This description is taken from a picture of the Ideal Interviewer, a composite photograph of ninety average interviewers.

7. Use kindness at first. The old third degree methods went out with "Bedelia" and the naïve old custom of getting married. Don't patronize. Treat the subject as if he were your equal. Invite him to have a smoke, if you see he has cigars in his pocket. If kindness fails, don't fly into a rage and scream and kick at your prospect. Take your blackjack and hit him, preferably just above the left ear. Then go through his pockets and you'll generally find enough to make a good interview.

ON FILING TAX RETURNS

For the benefit of those readers who are having trouble making out their income tax returns, this department will be available to-day and to-morrow to render any assistance or advice possible. Those who wish to consult me to-day before noon will find me in bed at home. The apartment is one flight up and to the left as you come up. I'll leave the door open and if anybody stops you, just say you came to see Sullivan about your income tax return. My room is down the hall, two doors beyond the bathroom, and if I'm asleep wake me up. And if you think of it, bring up a pack of Sweets, will you, and a *World?*

If anybody wants to see me about the income tax return during the afternoon I'll be taking a walk in Central Park with June Walker, Irene Bordoni, Marion Talley, Bebe Daniels and Mary Pickford. We'll be somewhere between the Casino and the Reservoir, and you'll know me. I'll be wearing a derby. All you have to do is come up and whisper to me that you want help with your income tax and I'll drop everything except the girl I happen to be carrying and help you out.

That's the worst of going walking with those girls.

They always get just so far and then they want to be carried, and believe me, after you've carried Irene Bordoni around the Reservoir twice or three times, you realize that, fine girl though she is and I love her, still she's not made of aluminum, thank God forbid!

The income tax really is much simpler to understand than most people realize. The first thing necessary is to get yourself a nice income. There are plenty of ways of doing that, of course, but I think most of us will agree that the simplest and easiest way is to equip yourself with a mask, a flashlight, a jimmy, a pound or two of nitro-glycerine, a blackjack and a brace of pistols.

We shall assume, then, that you have accumulated your income. We'll mark it down on this chart so we'll have everything plain. We'll say your income is A, and this military figure in the corner, representing the standing army of France, will be known as B. This line here, A to B, is the Delaware watershed.

Now, let us say you are just an average American wage-earner. Your income is $12,000,000 per annum. You have lived the average American wage-earner's life, let us assume. You were born in some small town in the hinterland, had the croup when you were two, and fished for bullheads in the old

millpond in your overalls and bare feet after school let out in June.

Later on you came to New York and got married. We shall refer to your marriage hereinafter as D. If you have been married twice, we shall call it DD, as in Double Dee and Page. If you have been married three times or more, then I'm afraid we can't do anything to help you, and you'd better see a specialist right away.

Your income, then, is $12,000,000. If you are not the head of a family, that is, if you are married, you get $3,500 exemption. If you support a mother, you get that exemption. Now the thing for you to do is to have enough wives or mothers or both so that you will not only not have to pay any tax on that $12,000,000, but the President will actually OWE you money. We shall refer hereinafter to the President as X, or Mr. Coolidge. You have the choice of two courses. You can either (a) tell the Government your income is $12,000,000, or (b) you can lie like the dickens and tell them it is only $3,800. But if you do tell the Government the truth, you might as well take your playtoys and run along home right this minute, because you certainly don't belong in our bunch.

The next thing to consider is dividends paid in stock only, net income as shown by Item 35 (Page 2 of return), interest on indebtedness, interest on

bonds, corporate obligations, bank deposits, profit or loss from sale of lands, stocks or contraband liquor, and, last but not least, maid service.

Is that quite clear? If it isn't, please ask now, for we shan't have time to run over these things again.

Very well then. Let us consider those items considered, and pass to contributions. In my own case, I should here deduct such items as $500 placed on Salvation Army Christmas tambourine; my $5,000 contribution to William H. Anderson's A. P. P. P. P. A. Society; my $5,000 contribution to the fund being collected by the New York Ku Klux Klan to send as an Easter gift to His Holiness, Pope Pius, and the twenty-five cents I gave toward the fund for the purchase of a bag or bags to be tied permanently over the head of Earl Carroll, Countess Cathcart, Emory Buckner and Wayne B. Wheeler.

Then figure out your net income subject to tax, compute the amount of the tax from that, and last but not least, tear up the return and fly to Canada.

THE HANDSOMEST SENIOR

Troy, N. Y., March 29.—Angus Mellinger Titwillow of Hemingway Crossing, S. D., has been judged the handsomest senior in the Troy School of Mines. This is the second time Titwillow has been chosen for the honor, he having been voted handsomest senior in 1921. In 1918 he was voted handsomest senior at the Rhinebeck Business College, and in 1916 he was voted handsomest senior at William and Maggie College, in Ashtabula, O.

The senior class at the T. S. M. chose as its favorite flower the noodle. Chicken consommé was voted the favorite soup and Robert Louis Stevenson was voted most popular movie actor.

Titwillow, the class Adonis, was the first senior tapped by Cluett, Peabody & Co. at the annual Collar Day exercises held on the campus last Thursday. It is a time-honored custom at the T. S. M. that the first senior tapped by Cluett, Peabody & Co. is chosen handsomest man of his class. The only exception on record took place in 1823 when the entire graduating class wore heavy beards and the representatives of Cluett and Peabody, which had not then come into existence, had such a hard time getting at the real faces of the seniors that the exercises were called on account of darkness.

Titwillow is a handsome, muscular chap about four feet eleven by three feet two, with all modern improvements, no children or dogs. Call Academy 0545 between 12 o'clock.

He is the chap who astounded the football world last fall by defeating the entire Harvard football team single-handed after the other ten members of his team had fallen suddenly ill with dipsomania. On this occasion, not content with fulfilling the functions of the rest of the team, Titwillow insisted on acting also as mascot, water carrier, rubber, coach and band. He astounded the Harvard backs by his remarkable forward pass work. He would throw the ball thirty yards into the enemy territory and not only would he be on the spot to catch the ball as it came down, but on two occasions he had time to write a letter home while waiting for it to arrive.

For this feat Titwillow was awarded his "T," and by a special vote of the faculty, was also awarded an "A," a "B," a "G," an "H," a "J," an "L," an "X," an "S" and his choice of any three vowels. He chose "E," "I" and "O," explaining that it was a matter of sentiment, because his mother's name was "Queenie."

Titwillow was the object of a good deal of joking and "kidding" about the campus to-day as a result of his new title. Perhaps the best "crack" was "got off" by Mabel Weebus, who played guard opposite

Titwillow on the football team. Meeting Titwillow on the campus after Latin 34 had let out, she greeted him as follows: "Oh, you handsomest man!" Titwillow took it in "good fun" and laughingly busted her in the kisser.

Titwillow is just an average, clean, wholesome young college lad. He was convicted of juvenile delinquency in 1912 and sent to the Bath School for Feeble-Minded for two years. Later he served terms in Sing Sing and Auburn. He is now out on bail for shooting Partridges out of season. He shot Mark J. Partridge, an Onondaga county farmer, on November 19 last. The season for shooting Mark J. Partridge had closed a week previously. If Titwillow is found guilty of shooting Partridge out of season it will probably go hard with him, on account of his record, and he will not escape with less than a $10 fine.

HOW TO ATTEND THE OPERA

Any one who matters socially in New York goes to the opera at least once or twice a year, just as any loyal, devoted son goes to the poorhouse at least once or twice a year to see his mother. We went to the opera a few nights ago. They were singing "Der Freischutz," a piece from the German meaning "The Free Shot," probably. It really was excellent, although we perhaps might have got more out of it if we had brushed up on the old German before going.

There was only time, however, to glance through a German grammar and recall the prepositions which take the dative, which are Aus, Bei, Mit, Nach, Von and Zu. And, as luck would have it, not a single one of them was used. They used all those old prepositions that take the accusative, like Bis, Durch, Gegen and the rest.

Going to the opera is a good deal like going to a regular show. Arriving late, after the house is dark, it is well to get into the wrong seat and step on as many feet as possible before getting out. It's really more fun at the Metropolitan, because the rows are longer there, and with care, if one takes his time, one can step on from 30 to 40 per cent more people than at an ordinary theater.

Of course, there is always a good deal of friendly rivalry among operagoers to see who can arrive latest. He who arrives latest is automatically dubbed Supreme Arbiter of Fashion. William J. Guard of the Metropolitan stated in his famous book of reminiscences entitled, "Opera Tenors Who Have Given Me Quite a Pain in the Side," that in the old days people who really mattered socially often got to last Tuesday's opera next Thursday and thought nothing of it.

The usual rules about talking prevail. One talks a good deal, but there is no smoking in the lobby. The dignified old Met is Custer's Last Stand in so far as it comes to holding out against the decadent practice of smoking in the lobby.

"No," said Gatti-Casazza last fall when a delegation of lobbyists called on him to urge smoking in the lobby, "we will not do it. We care not what happens in other lobbies and hallways around town, but our lobby is going to remain sweet and clean and pure."

While one may talk, if anybody else talks the procedure is to turn around and say "Sh-h!" with asperity. If the talking then does not cease, you notify one of the so-called "awakeners," those great big fellows who constantly roam up and down the aisles during the opera with baseball bats, awakening

any of the customers who so far forget themselves as to fall asleep.

Of course, the customs at the Metropolitan differ a good deal from those in vogue at other theaters, a main reason being the enormous size of the Met. There are so many balconies at the Met that the topmost one can be seen plainly only on a very clear day, and since most of the opera takes place at night, the percentage of visibility for the poor old top gallery is only a fraction more than 3.9, as you can readily see. Last year a fellow in the top gallery with a radio set got Havana, the Met stage and a faint odor of garlic all in the same evening.

The stage also is huge, and this circumstance has resulted in the development of an entirely different type of actress, suitable only for opera, and sometimes not even suitable for that. You will know what I mean by "development" when you see one of them. Each tenor and soprano at the Met must weigh at least 200 pounds in order to be visible to the dowager Mrs. Van Empringham, who sits in the center of the Diamond Horseshoe. They have to reckon on her, because she always forgets her glasses. She takes them off when she starts to do the dishes before going to the opera and then leaves them on the kitchen table.

So in order to be on the safe side, the soprani and tenors at the Met generally run about 225 or 250

pounds on the hoof. It is said that in 1902 a well-known soprano saw her own feet while standing up, but most experts are inclined to take that with a grain of salt, if you have a grain of salt handy.

Many people ask me what to say when they go to an opera and anybody asks them what they think of it. I find the accepted practice to be as follows: When asked if you think anything is good, don't say yes and thereby stamp yourself as a simp. Nod patronizingly and say, "Ye-ss, he (she, it) is excellent, but he doesn't come up to Chaliapin in 'Boris.'"

We thought "Der Freischutz" was swell, but it doesn't come up to Chaliapin in "Boris."

LENORE, DAVE AND CHARLIE

Miss Lenore Ulric, star of "Lulu Belle" and other successes, received me in the trophy room of the Belasco Theater, in a red kimono, which lent a homey appearance to the rather formal chamber. A volume could be written about the room itself, but not by this baby. In various cases around the place are curios and relics collected by the master in his career—a strand of Leslie Carter's hair, plucked when Leslie Carter's hair was considered uptown, a spoon from the old Planters Hotel in St. Louis, and a jeweled sword used by David Warfield to open a can of sardines. And over in the new American wing in the southeast corner hung Charlie MacArthur, co-author with Edward Sheldon of "Lulu Belle."

"Rather interesting piece, this," I said to Mr. Belasco, who had gone home for the evening.

"Yes," said the Master, "I picked him up one day, had him polished and redone in violet plush and put him in here."

"I think certainly that he adds tone to the place," I remarked. Mr. MacArthur comes originally from Chicago and is having a terrible time with his teeth. The Chicago climate is so hard on teeth. It just

seems as if a good set lasts you no time there. Mr. MacArthur has always wanted to write, but they kept hiding the typewriters on him. It was a great day, therefore, for the American drama when Mr. MacArthur fooled them and found a typewriter in an abandoned barn near Sheboygan and set to work. The account of his decision to come to New York, the mecca of so many young men seeking their fortune, is one of those dramatic stories that makes one really feel that "truth is stranger than fiction."

It was raining in Chicago one day and Mr. MacArthur had left his umbrella home, but that was soon remedied. He went into a restaurant, had a cup of coffee, a sandwich and you, dear, and came out with two umbrellas, a sunshade, an overcoat and Amy Leslie's new red derby. The dank gloom of the rainy city enveloped him like a pall.

"I guess I'll go to New York," he said, little knowing how dank New York can be, if given only half an opportunity.

He went over to the station.

"One to New York," he told the ticket agent.

"One way?" the ticket agent asked.

"Well, what ways have you?" Mr. MacArthur asked him.

"Mr. MacArthur!" exclaimed the ticket agent, and with a great show of indignation he slammed down

the window and wouldn't sell Charlie the ticket, so he had to go by way of the Central.

So Mr. MacArthur took the Twentieth Century, leaving Chicago at 8:20. They ran into a storm just outside Olean, N. Y., and had some trouble with icebergs off the Grand Banks, but otherwise the trip was uneventful except that Mr. MacArthur got into the wrong berth twelve times until finally the passengers held a caucus and agreed that the best thing to do would be to all pile into one berth, thus giving Charlie free rein in the matter of getting into all the others.

And THAT was how Charlie MacArthur came to New York.

"And how is little Lenore Ulric?" I said, going over and drawing her to me.

"What paper did you say you were on?" Miss Ulric asked.

I told her.

"I get the *World*," she said, "when the janitor don't swipe it."

"It must be very fatiguing to play this part," I suggested. "Are you really colored?"

"Oh, no," she assured me. "Well, once in my sophomore year at college I was colored, but that's all buried now."

"What college did you go to?" I ventured to ask.

She told me.

"I learned in the hard school of experience," said Charlie MacArthur.

"Did you go in for athletics?" I inquired of Miss Ulric.

"I played football a little," Miss Ulric answered, "and, of course, we had a piano."

"Why," I said; "you're not—you're not the famous 'Young' Ulric who kicked a field goal from the twenty-yard line in the last minute of play when the score was nothing-nothing in the 1923 game at Princeton before 70,000 cheering football enthusiasts?"

Miss Ulric smiled.

"I am, or rather was, 'Young' Ulric," she admitted modestly.

"Well, well, well," I said.

Just then the man from the Metropolitan came to collect the insurance, so I wrapped up Charlie MacArthur, said good-by to Lenore, and we went on.

MR. PRAWN IS INTERVIEWED

(*The following interview with George Prawn, a member of the original cast of "Abie's Irish Rose," is reprinted by request. It first appeared in this space on Sunday, Dec. 10, 1975.*)

"Is Mr. Prawn in?" I said, ringing the bell of the Home for Aged Veterans of "Abie's Irish Rose," on Staten Island.

"Who?" said the pert little maid, who answered the door.

"Mr. Prawn."

"Oh, Mr. Prawn. Yes, indeed, he's in. He's all in. Won't you come all in too?"

"Well, it certainly seems good to see YOU again," I said to the little maid. My, but she was charming in her freshly-laundered cap and her black satin uniform.

"Again?" she queried, archly.

"Well, it certainly seems good to see you anyway," I parried. So with a saucy "Oo-la-la!" and an impish flirt of her skirt, the baggage was off to summon Mr. Prawn.

"Here he is," she cried, a moment later, and down the stairs she threw a limp bundle, closely resembling the great George Prawn. I thought it

rather an unconventional way to introduce Mr. Prawn to me. "This sort of introduction would never have been allowed in the staid old days of 1925," I thought to myself, and then as I stooped and examined the bundle I saw it was only a dummy, made up to resemble Mr. Prawn. A second later a hearty laugh announced the advent of the real George Prawn. He slid down the banisters.

"Did you bring your play toys?" he asked eagerly, and then, without waiting for an answer, he cried, "I got a top and train of choo-choo cars that goes sometimes."

I looked at the veteran old actor and saw the innocent light that shone from the limpid blue depths of those eyes, encircled by a magnificent mane of pure white hair. I thought how divine it would be if we all could retain the secret of eternal childhood as this world famous thespian had.

"I have come to get some of your reminiscences on the old days of 'Abie's Irish Rose,'" I told him.

He sighed.

"Who's playing in it now?" he asked. "I haven't been to town in years."

"Ethel Barrymore's great-grandaughter is playing the ingenue," I told him. "Harpo Marx Flanagan, grandson of the famous Harpo Marx——"

"Alas, poor Harpo," the old fellow put in, "I knew him well. A great raconteur. You know he

was an All-American raconteur in 1926, 1927 and 1928."

"Well, this youngster is playing Isaac Cohen, and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen is playing Mrs. Cohen."

"There's a girl you want to watch," said Prawn, "she's got talent. Want to see me spin my top?"

"Tell me something about the old days in 'Abie's Irish Rose' or I'll knock you flat." I said it kindly, but I meant it.

"Ah, those were the days," the old fellow mused. "Women wore their skirts to their knees."

"Did they have horse cars?" I asked Mr. Prawn.

"The kiddie-kar had superseded the horse car in 1925," said Mr. Prawn. "We used to travel to and from the theater in the kiddie-kars. It was great fun."

The old man sat there, brooding and silent. I saw that he was alone—with his memories.

"Snap out of it," I said, giving him a poke, "and tell me more."

"In those days," he went on, "125th Street was considered uptown. Imagine THAT!"

The very thought of 125th Street ever having been considered uptown sent us into peals of laughter.

"What do you think of Prohibition?" I asked Mr. Prawn.

His eyes blazed. His magnificent white mane of hair stood on end. He rose and thumped the table.

"Sir!" he cried. "It won't work. It has made a nation of lawbreakers and hypocrites out of Americans. It is an infringement of the inalienable right of every citizen of this great——"

"Mr. Prawn!"

It was the voice of Nellie, the maid. Mr. Prawn listened.

"Who wants a nice piece of bread and jelly?"

"With sugar on it?" demanded Mr. Prawn.

"With sugar on it," conceded Nellie.

"Mr. Prawn wants it! Mr. Prawn wants it!" cried the old gentleman, and in an instant he slid joyfully up the banisters leaving your correspondent flat.

MR. SILBERMAN BREAKS A BURGLAR'S HEART

THREE tough-looking customers came into Adolph Silberman's jewelry store at No. 2115 Third Avenue yesterday morning. You could tell they were tough the way they had their hats turned up in front and down in the back, and then, too, they were not wearing chamois gloves. And they carried revolvers, which is distinctly bad form in the morning.

Mr. Silberman was dusting. Mr. Silberman is not as young as he used to be, and leading a more or less sedentary life, as he has, he had neglected the matter of exercise until lately, when his physician told him he must get a certain amount of exercise every morning. So Mr. Silberman took up dusting.

Mr. Silberman is nobody's fool. He just gave a sidelong glance at the three young men and then he whispered to his son, Samuel, to be on his guard. Then Mr. Silberman resumed his dusting, as he still had four minutes to go, having only dusted eleven minutes of the fifteen prescribed.

"Hold up your hands!" was the fine way the leader of the visiting trio chose to begin the conversation. Neither Mr. Silberman nor Sam paid any attention to him.

"Hold up your hands!" repeated the spokesman. "Are you deaf? Can't you see I got a revolver?"

Mr. Silberman stopped dusting.

"Put that thing up," he demanded. "Don't you point that at me."

"Well, I'm holding you up. I have to point it at you," explained the master bandit. He was just a little bit perplexed. He was almost on the point of telling Mr. Silberman and his son, Sam, they were thickheads, only he remembered his manners just in time. He decided to be patient.

"We three are holding you up," he pleaded. "This is Mr. So-and-so, twenty-three, burglar, of No. 293 So-and-so Street. This is Mr. This-and-that, twenty-nine, yeggman, of No. 23 West Whoozie Street, and I am George So-and-so, twenty-six, of just down the street a bit. You see, it was such a lovely morning and Christmas is only three months away, so we thought we'd drop in and filch whatever jewels you happened to have laying—I mean lying around."

In answer Mr. Silberman took his duster and whacked the young visitor right over the head with it. More dazed than hurt, the offended robber rubbed his head.

"You mean," he said, brokenly, "you mean—you won't let us hold you up?"

Mr. Silberman gave him another, and a terrific

whack over the bean. Samuel, the son, shuddered for the safety of the duster.

Three crestfallen hold-up men backed into the street. At the door, with a sudden spurt of spunk, the fellow with the revolver said, "All right, you mean old jeweler" to Mr. Silberman, and fired at the duster, despite the fact that this was a gross violation of the law, the open season for dusters hereabouts not beginning until October 1. The shot just skimmed by Mr. Silberman's waist, scratching him up a bit.

And when Dr. Schlesinger from Harlem Hospital was binding Mr. Silberman's wound a bit later, Mr. Silberman was still muttering angrily, "So! Bothering a man when he's doing his morning dusting. I'll show 'em."

ON BUYING BUFFALOS

THE Committee of the Whole of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, at its meeting yesterday, authorized the expenditure of $100 to purchase a buffalo for the Zoo in Prospect Park. All the Zoo needs now is a zebra, a boa constrictor, a fantailed marpaloopa and a new sofa for the parlor.

The decision to authorize the $100 for the purchase of the buffalo was reached by compromise after a somewhat heated exchange, which, however, would have been much more heated if it had been between good old Comptroller Crogge and Mayor Highland.

(Editor's Note: This is an error. The reporter doubtless refers to Mayor John F. Hylan, who was head of the Municipal Government during the period 1917-1925. The Comptroller Crogge referred to is obviously Comptroller Charles L. Craig, Hylan's right hand man during his reign.)

The Zoo at Prospect Park had needed a buffalo for quite some time. The old buffalo, which was purchased in 1832, was all worn out. It had been rebuilt three times before it was finally discarded last year. In 1844 new horns had been added giving it a total of four horns.

In 1876, under the will of Abner Meldrum,

Brooklyn gas magnate, the Zoo received two solid ivory elephant tusks. Mr. Meldrum stipulated that the tusks were to be used for any purpose deemed wise by the Commissioner of Parks, excluding only piano keys. Mr. Meldrum had a niece who played the piano.

For a time the Zoo authorities were put to it to find a use for the Meldrum tusks, until one day a keeper devised the happy thought of putting them on the buffalo. The four original horns on the animal were moved back a bit to make room for the tusks.

Other bequests followed. In 1892, by the will of Marjorie Bitters, Brooklyn gas magnate, the Zoo came into possession of a pair of antlers, which were added to the buffalo. The animal then assumed a rather variegated mien and proved something of a problem to teachers escorting their pupils through the Zoo.

When the little ones pointed to the buffalo and asked their teachers what kind of an animal it was, what could the poor pedants reply, except possibly "Shut your face and don't ask too many questions!"

Other Brooklyn gas magnates died, and gradually the buffalo got to be quite a creature. Sometimes it seemed as if the poor buffalo itself could not always make up its mind what kind of an animal it was. Last year, however, its memory began to fail and

it became only too apparent it was no longer fit for active Zoo service, so the Prospect Park Zoo officials pensioned it and gave it to the Bronz Zoo.

The new buffalo belonged to Rose Wentworth Carr, who made quite a pet of it. However, Rose Wentworth Carr took a smaller apartment recently, and there is no use trying to keep a buffalo in an apartment in Brooklyn. That was how the Board of Estimate came to negotiate for the Carr buffalo.

"What does it eat?" asked Comptroller Berry in the debate.

"Hay," replied the Park Commissioner.

Bang! It was Mayor Walker's gavel.

"What kind of parliamentary talk is that?"

"Is what?" said Mr. Berry and the Park Commissioner, both in surprise.

"Yelling 'hey!' at the Comptroller!" said the Mayor, looking severely at the Park Commissioner.

Then the mixup was explained and all had a good laugh at the expense of the Republican minority.

The debate waxed hot. Some of the members thought a buffalo was an extravagance, and said so. They argued it would be vastly more sensible to buy a cow, a couple of hens and a rooster instead. But the Park Commissioner explained that they did not need any butter at the Zoo as they had a goat. So the Park Commissioner was then asked to leave the room.

Finally the compromise was reached. It was this: Rose Wentworth Carr wanted $400 for the buffalo. The Board of Estimate had only $100. So Rose Wentworth Carr compromised and agreed to sell the animal for $100.

THE HIGHER MATHEMATICS

JACK SAUL was in his tailor shop, No. 246 Grand Street, yesterday, when an elderly man, aged sixty-two, came in and said, "Alms, for the love of Allah, alms!"

Jack pulled out a bankroll that would choke a cow and extracted two cents from it.

"Here," he said, handing the two cents to the elderly man, aged sixty-two.

"Two cents ain't much," said the old fellow.

Jack explained to him, in as kindly a fashion as he thought the situation called for, that two cents is two cents; in other words, the price of a red stamp, a yeast cake or a 40 per cent interest in a five-cent cigar. He added that if the elderly man succeeded in getting two cents every time he asked for alms, he would accumulate quite a little nest egg, if his voice held out.

There are 986,398 shops of various kinds in the city, Mr. Saul reminded the grumbling visitor, and with each of these places of business coughing up two cents, your industrious beggar would have a total yield of $19,727.96.

Granting that it would take the beggar a year to make the rounds, even so, how many people make

$19,727.96 a year? And at the end of the first year, if prosperity hadn't turned the beggar's head and made him squander all his profits, he could buy an automobile and make the rounds in three months. Then he could put on a false face and make the rounds again. After that he could take a three-months' vacation on the Riviera and return, refreshed in mind and body, to make a third round, with another disguise, thus jumping the total yearly income to thrice $19,727.96, or $59,183.88.

Mr. Saul warmed to his subject and thought he outlined a very bright and optimistic future for the elderly man, aged sixty-two; therefore his surprise was the greater when the latter, in a very uncouth manner, announced that he had a gun in his pocket and that if Mr. Saul moved he would become so imbedded with bullets he would look like a portion of shad roe.

"I'm taking $31 in cash from the drawer," the old ingrate told Mr. Saul, "and this check for $4.50. If the check is good, it means I make $35.50 out of this deal."

"You didn't count the two cents I gave you," said Mr. Saul.

"That's right," said the other. "In all, $35.52, which leaves me only $19,692.44 out of that $19,727.96 to collect. In other words, the $35.52 makes it possible for me to skip 1776 shops at two cents

a shop, and I am grateful for that on account of my corns. A good day to you, sir."

"A terrible day to you," responded Mr. Saul.

"Don't move for ten minutes," said the beggar. "I have nine hardened accomplices outside."

Mr. Saul peeked out after the intruder had left and saw nine faces outside that were hard, but none looked like accomplices, so he took a chance and it worked, because once outside the shop he almost immediately ran into Patrolman August Reinert, of Traffic A, who is the tallest man in the department, six feet, five inches.

Mr. Reinert caught up with Mr. Saul's late visitor and the latter, looking up the third button on Mr. Reinert's coat, decided to do nothing about the matter.

"I'll go quietly," he said.

"Suit yourself," said Mr. Reinert, "I don't mind if you sing or shout a bit. I'm used to noise. Living in Manhattan so long, you know."

"I suppose so," said the elderly gentleman, aged sixty-two. "Doesn't it nearly drive you mad sometimes? Don't you wish you were away from it all, at Mentone or Nice, or some quiet little village in rural England?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Reinert, "I was in Chicago once and I really got so I missed the noise."

The elderly gentleman said his name was Henry Dwyer. Magistrate Corrigan held him in $2,000 bail.

Mr. Saul made him give back the two cents.

UNIQUE HOLD-UP OF A TAXIMAN'S PANTS

Davis Lieberman, a taxicab driver, picked up two mysterious fares out of the snow early yesterday morning. They asked him to drive to some address that would add up safely under the numerology system.

"Be careful now," cautioned one, "I am a 2-2-4 type and I can't go to any addresses such as 536 or 737. I was born in Virgo and my friend here was born in Capricorn which means that we are both aggressive types, fond of firearms and inclined to view the law as a joke."

"I was born April 23," said Mr. Lieberman, "I couldn't help it."

So he drove them to No. 215 East 89th Street, and they got out, forced him into a hallway at the point of a gun and took $27 from the pocket of his pants, which they then ordered him to remove.

"Sirs," said Mr. Lieberman, blushing, so that a faint, rosy light, like the first creepings of Aurora over the eastern horizon, suffused the dark hallway.

"We only want to make sure you won't follow us," explained one of the bandits.

"But," expostulated Mr. Lieberman, "what will the neighbors say?"

"That's right," admitted one bandit. "They would talk, wouldn't they?"

"Well, let them," snapped the other. "After all, pants are a convention. The Greeks never wore pants and they had a more real sense of the true and the beautiful than we, with our ugly black evening clothes and absence of color in our dress, will ever have."

"I don't know," said Mr. Lieberman, "I sometimes think the Greeks are overrated."

"I agree with you heartily, stranger," said the shorter of the two bandits, "I often feel that the Renaissance is the period I should like to have lived in. Ah, those were bold, passionate, virile days."

"But they didn't have any electricity!" argued the other.

"No, thank the Lord, they didn't," said the Renaissance enthusiast, "and they didn't have any bathtubs."

"How did they wash?"

"Awful," said the first bandit, laughing, in spite of himself.

"I should like to have been living during the period of our own Revolution," said the other bandit, the one who didn't like the Renaissance, "I love that period. I always go to costume plays and pictures. I saw Valentino in 'Monsieur Beaucaire.'

Mother took me. It was splendid. Valentino was superb."

"I thought he was terrible," said a strange, hearty voice from the landing below, and a moment later the bluff, genial figure of Patrolman Keebler of the East 104th Street Station could be seen unwinding itself from a voluminous woolen tippet. Then he took off his drugget.

"I thought he lacked authenticity," Patrolman Keebler argued. "Whose taxicab is that outside?"

"Mine," said Davis Lieberman, modestly. "Cousin Ella gave it to me for Christmas."

"Hm!" snorted Patrolman Keebler. "Cousin Ella would be delighted to know that you are leaving it around side streets in front of dark hallways at all hours of a night like this. How is your Cousin Ella, anyhow?"

"I haven't got any Cousin Ella," said Mr. Lieberman.

"Well, how is she?" insisted Patrolman Keebler.

"Fine," said Lieberman, and the two others then gave an imitation of four Hawaiians.

"What are you boys doing in this dark hallway, anyhow?" queried Patrolman Keebler.

"Now, don't you tell," said the bandits to Mr. Lieberman, half in fun, half in earnest.

"I didn't promise not to," argued Mr. Lieberman.

"All right for you," warned the boys, "if you tell!"

"Well, I will tell," said Davis. "They are holding me up. They took my $27 I had to buy candy with and then they wanted to take my pants so I couldn't pursue them."

"Aren't you ashamed," said Patrolman Keebler to the two young men.

"We did NOT hold him up," insisted those young gentlemen. "We were only fooling."

"You're not telling Patrolman Keebler a fib?" asked Patrolman Keebler.

"No, sir, cross heart, hope to die," they assured him, so Patrolman Keebler arrested the boys, who said they were Eddie Smith, twenty, of No. 1534 Avenue A, and Hugh Gallagher, twenty-two, of No. 334 East 62d Street.

This, too, in spite of the fact that they said they hadn't intended to hold Mr. Lieberman up. Rather funny of Keebler to have arrested them, after they had given him their word of honor they meant no harm, wasn't it!

JUNE WALKING

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then" . . .

THE poet spake indeed truly, because who is there among us who does not like his June days rare?

It is the time when Nature seems at her beautifulest, and the most hidebound of city dwellers feels the urge within him to abandon asphalt sidewalks, columns of figures and wives and fare forth to the woods. It is the inevitable within us, the summons of a thousand generations of forest dwelling ancestors. We cannot escape it.

There are any number of fascinating trips the city dweller can take these coming lovely June days. Here are only two of them:

JUNE SPECIAL TRIP NO. I

Let us say it is one of the "rare" days Tennyson spoke of so feelingly. We are up with a bound and a hey-nonny-no at the break of day, or at the latest by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We must have no laggards among us if we are to get the most out of

these beautiful June days. After all, June comes but once a year, generally in June. It is not like December.

Almost before we know it we are dressed and then comes the refreshing plunge into a cool bath. Cool, mind you, not cold, because a bath that is too cold is apt to shock.

Then a brisk rubdown from the maid, the policeman or Commissioner of Charities Bird S. Coler, and we are off.

The route leads down Central Park West, where they are building the new subway. There are four ways of getting down this, at present exhilarating, thoroughfare. We may (1) swing ourselves from crag to crag, using the Australian crawl stroke, (2) we may hop on the back of an Eighth Avenue surface car when the conductor isn't looking, (3) we may go down Columbus Avenue instead, or (4) we may adopt some other method of negotiating the baffling canyon.

Reaching Columbus Circle, it is well to pause there long enough to climb to the top of the monument, because it is from this coign of vantage that the best possible view can be obtained of the mole on the back of the neck of Jerome Flanagan, traffic patrolman on duty at the north Circle from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Thence to 52nd Street to the familiar old basement

door. Three rings and Alphonse arrives, to peer at you through the grating. He smiles, greets you warmly, and you enter, proceeding to the bar in the rear.

"Bonjour, Madame," you carol. "Un Bacardi!"

And madame, the minx, knows very well what you want. She knows it is a Bacardi you want. And so the matchless June day passes. How much better to be here than in some stuffy office.

JUNE SPECIAL TRIP NO. 2

Rain makes no difference to your true outdoor enthusiast. Some even prefer walking in the rain. It is at least not dusty, and if one grows thirsty one can simply throw up one's face (using the simple upward thrust outlined in Figure 8), open one's mouth, if it is not already open, and drink in Nature's own beverage, "Adam's ale" (water).

There is something caressing about a June rain. Unless, of course, it happens also to be hailing.

Very well then! At 6 in the morning the alarm goes off. We have planned a trip in the June sunshine. But what is that noise in the courtyard? The janitor moving ashcans. Yes, yes, but I mean that other noise. Certainly. It is the gentle thud of raindrops sent by a beneficent Providence to nurture crops that will flourish under its blessed stimulus and

provide us with carrots, lentils, skivets, woolen underwear, crumpets and nice, new mittens next winter when the cold winds howl outside and the earth is blanketed by Mother Nature's cotton (snow).

It is raining.

But are we discouraged because of a little rain?

Are we kept from our tryst with the bluebirds, the violets, the little green lizards and the twinkling brooks, because of a few harmless raindrops?

We certainly are. We turn right over and sleep until 12 o'clock.

THE END